

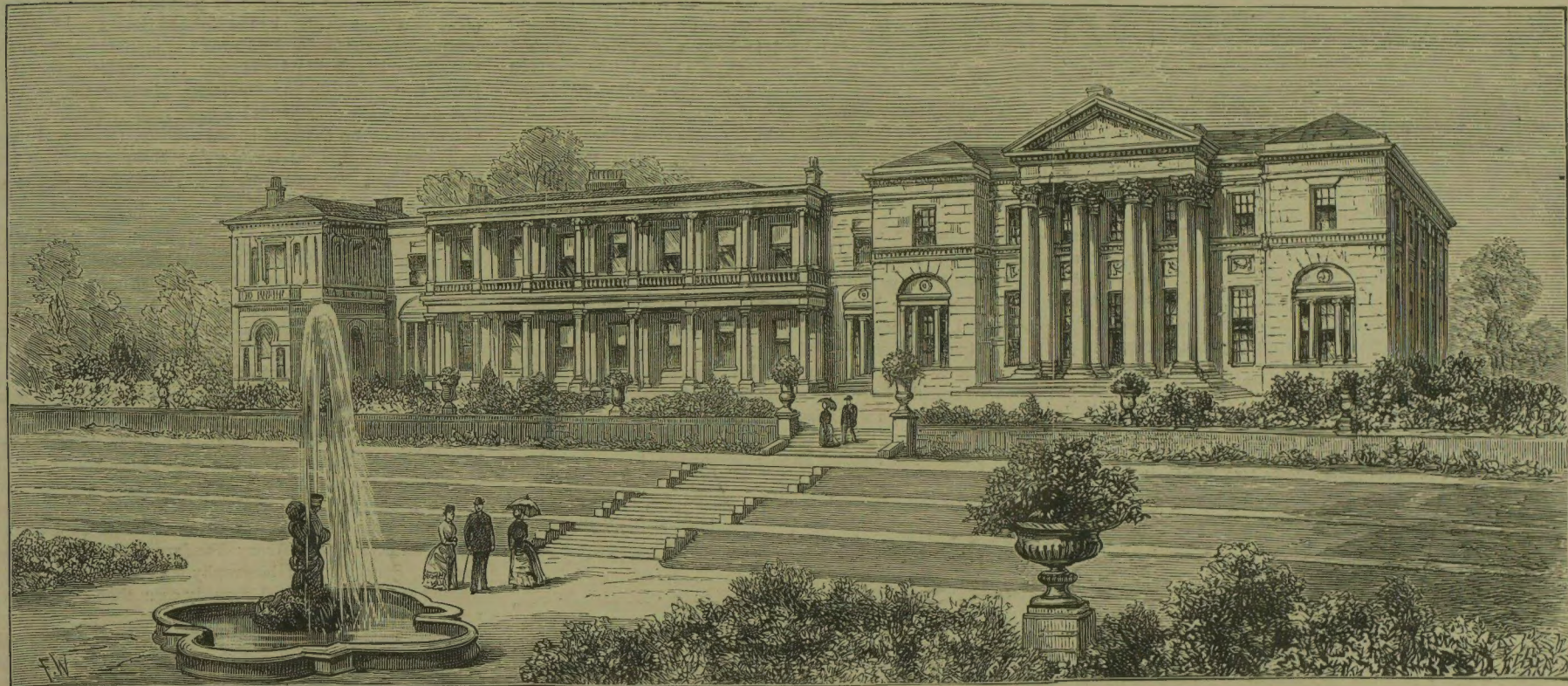
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS) By Post, 6¹/₂d.



TATTON, CHESHIRE, THE SEAT OF LORD EGERTON: VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.
Where the Prince of Wales will stay during his visit to Manchester.



Mr. Platt's steam-yacht Norseman.

WRECK OF THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY'S STEAMER TASMANIA, ON THE MONK ROCKS, CORSICA.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. G. E. HALE, SURGEON, MEDICAL STAFF.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Returning, scarcely in hot haste, but rather in haste that was somewhat frigid, from Rome—for although the train was only forty hours on the road we managed to get snowed up for a few hours in Piedmont, between Turin and Mont Cenis—I found, on arriving in Paris, that the gay city was half beside herself with mingled feelings of rage, astonishment, perplexity, and trepidation arising from the “incident” at Pagny-sur-Moselle. Added to the wrath and surprise caused by the arrest by the German police officials of a French functionary, came a ludicrous uncertainty as to the orthography of the name of the gentleman arrested. I have seen it in different papers spelt “Schnabélé,” “Schnobell,” “Schnabeyle,” and “Schna-beillé.” Returning to England, other modes of spelling the name have been visible; and at this instant of writing I am not, personally, by any means certain as to whether the gentleman’s real cognomen be “Snabbles,” or “Snorthorse,” or “Snowbilly.”

But where are the ghosts of Vattel, of Puffendorff, of Grotius? Where is the phantom of the learned Selden? Where, in fine, are the authorities on International Law who can tell us whether it is in accordance with the Rights of Persons that an individual domiciled in his own country can be arraigned in a foreign country, to the Government of which he owes no allegiance, for treasonable practices against that country, compassed, not therein, but in his own land? Am I liable if I visit China to be chopped into ten thousand pieces for having many years ago in my garret in Seven Dials, London, W.C., imagined the death of a Mandarin at Pekin? Supposing that I say, in this page, that the Grand Serang of Papouchistan is a tyrant, an inebriate, an opponent of the Primrose League, a deaf-mute, and a congenital idiot. Is it in accordance with the Rights of Persons that I should be decoyed or dragged across the frontier of Papouchistan and consigned to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat of the Grand Serang’s capital, for having, in mine own country, spoken disrespectfully of that potentate? Supposing that I were to say that the Czar of All the Russias—

But soft! On reflection I had best, in the interests of this journal, say nothing about Alexander Alexandrovich, his Empire, his Government, or anything that is his. *Experto crede.* I have just received from Odessa two letters, inclosing a page of “Echoes” of some weeks ago, a considerable portion of the first column of which has been carefully “blackened out” by the local censor of the press. In this luckless column something disparaging must have been said about the Muscovite Government—or the Equator. But I will not do so any more. Everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. The Grand Serang of Papouchistan and his Cabinet Ministers are (it is obvious) only a little lower than the angels; and we are all going to Elysium, and the Czar of All the Russias is of the company.

They were talking of something else in Paris besides that undesirable “incident” at Pagny-sur-Moselle. A few evenings since the members of the Stanley Club (so-called in honour of the illustrious explorer) entertained at dinner the Director, the lady and gentlemen *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française. The affair was a grand success. I was asked to the dinner, but, feasting not being at present in my way, I was content to hear on the following morning a full, true, and particular account of the banquet from one of the guests thereat. The quantity and quality both of the dinner and the oratory were, I was given to understand, equally excellent. His Excellency the American Minister in Paris was in the chair. M. Jules Clarétie, the Director of the “House of Molière,” made a most brilliant speech; M. De Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, delivered a sparkling address; Mr. Campbell Clarke, of the *Daily Telegraph*, speaking in French, was happily fluent, graceful, and incisive; and Mr. Coquelin cadet (the Grave-digger in “Hamlet”) rattled forth an execrably comic oration, full of punning allusions to skulls, cross-bones, mattocks, spades, and tomb-stones. A merry evening!

Quite a dainty little book is “Entrées à la Mode,” by Mrs. De Salis, authoress of “Savouries à la Mode.” The first-named work has just been published by Messrs. Longmans. Its price is only a shilling; but I shall have the honour of laying out a good many shillings in having the pleasant little volume bound as daintily as it deserves. The recipes are not cumbrously numerous; and they are all marked by delicacy, good taste, and thorough practicability. The authoress modestly says that she has collected her recipes both in England and France “from all the best schools of cookery, personal experiences and *cordons bleus*” (*sic*)—but why “bleus” with an “s,” Mrs. De Salis? As in “Savouries à la Mode,” many of the recipes, according to the lady, are entirely original.

I cannot remember to have met, before reading “Entrées à la Mode,” with such a dish as “Cigarettes à la Reine,” a force-meat of chicken, “chopped truffles, rolled to the length and breadth of a cigar, coated with fine bread-crumbs, and fried a golden tint.” You may also make cigarettes of lobsters, shrimps, oysters, and game. Commend me also to Mrs. De Salis’s “Baked Ravioles,” to her “Tomato Soufflé,” and her “Quails en Cérises with Truffles.”

At the same time I must mildly protest against the heresy in culinary nomenclature in an entrée composed of a “force” of highly-seasoned chicken or veal, enclosed in rings of sliced beetroot or carrot. This dish the lady calls “Chartreuse à la Mikado.” It is a very nice dish, no doubt, and whether it forms an item in the daily *menu* of the Mikado is a matter which may be left to Mr. W. S. Gilbert to determine; but a “Chartreuse,” in strictly correct culinary language, is a dish composed exclusively of vegetables.

I know very well that Urbain Dubois gives a “Chartreuse of Pigeons” and one of lamb’s sweetbread, and that Jules

Gouffé formulates a recipe for a “Chartreuse of Partridges.” Francatelli has a similar recipe, while the editor of “Kettner’s Book of the Table” states that the vegetarian monks of the Grande Chartreuse invented the “Chartreuse of Partridge” for days of fasting:—

The wing of a partridge is disguised in an envelope of cabbage. We satisfy our consciences in apparently taking nothing but cabbage upon our plates, when—lo! a wonder—we find partridge in our mouths, the reward of merit.

Not one of these authorities, however, notes the fact that a genuine “Chartreuse” can only be made of vegetables, and that game or force-meat masked by a leguminous envelope was an ill-natured bit of satire of some eighteenth-century French cook, imputing hypocrisy to the non-meat-eating monastic orders.

A beneficent maiden lady, Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, died recently, at the age of sixty, at her residence in Madison-avenue, New York. Miss Wolfe had another large residence in Lafayette-place; and this mansion she recently conveyed by deed of gift to trustees to be used as a “Bishops’ Club,” in which clergymen of the Episcopal Church may enjoy temporary entertainment when visiting New York. A most admirable bequest. Lafayette-place is one of the cosiest and quietest localities in the Empire City. I mind a capital German restaurant there, in the cellars of which dear old “Uncle Sam” (the late Samuel Ward) used to keep a stock of rare old Madeira, bottled, as Grolier had his books bound, “for self and friends.” Ah! the rare old Madeira—the “rain-water,” the “sunnyside,” the “smoked,” and the “Governor Fish”! Ah! the terrapin and the gumbo soup, the soft-shell crabs, and the clams, the canvas-back ducks, and the celery salad; the mirthful host and his merry guests;—they are all fading away, like Hans Breitmann’s “barty,” into the *cwigkeit*!

A Bishops’ Club in Lafayette-place, by all means. Would that I were a Rural Dean, or even a Perpetual Curate, to be privileged to cross the Atlantic once more and claim hospitality at the Home for Episcopal Clerics. Will the rev. guests be permitted to smoke? The name of Lorillard is primarily suggestive of nicotine; and then, you will remember, Bishop Wilberforce, when he was asked whether clergymen might smoke, replied that he saw no harm in their occasionally indulging in “the Judicious Hooker.” I can picture one of the late Miss Lorillard’s beneficiaries tranquilly lolling in a rocking-chair some sultry June afternoon in the verandah of the Bishops’ Club, puffing at the mildest of havanas, and derisively exhibiting a brimming mint julep—a temperance julep, of course—to some Presbyterian or Baptist brother, plodding, panting and perspiring, along the pitiless pavement outside.

Please to take note of the following, ye whose memories are well stored, or whose shelves abound in books of reference:—

Dear Sir,—In the “Paris Sketchbook” of Thackeray I find the expression:—“But to our muttons.” It seems to be used as if to say, “But to revert or to go back to our subject.” As I have never come across the expression before, would you mind referring to it in your “Echoes”? I have never before troubled you, although I have been a constant reader of the “Echoes” for many years.—Yours, &c., A WORKING MAN.

It is precisely because my correspondent is a Working Man; because I like to know that working men read Thackeray; and, because it is likely enough that my correspondent has not a complete set of “Notes and Queries” on his shelves, and has not access to books of reference of the “Reader’s Handbook” and “Dictionary of Phrase and Fable” order, that I very gladly enlighten him on a point with which, probably, nine-tenths of my readers are familiar. The phrase “Revenons à nos moutons”—“let us return to our muttons”—occurs in a mediæval French farce called “L’Avocat Patelin,” in which a case concerning some sheep is being tried. The pleaders are continually wandering from the question at issue, and are brought back again by the reminder “Revenons à nos moutons,” which has long since passed into a proverbial location among our neighbours, and has precisely the signification which “A Working Man” ascribes to it.

I looked for “book-maker” in that remarkable Italian-English and English-Italian dictionary about which I told my readers last week. Of course, “book-maker” was not to be found; although “book-binder,” “book-keeper,” “book-mate” (“compagno in studio”), were to the fore. Also, to my edification, I found the adjective “bookful”—“pieno di nozioni indigeste”—“full of undigested notions.” Why, that is something in my line! Altogether, this so-called modern dictionary of James and Grassi, with the date 1882 clapped on to it, is a rare gem. Here are a few more “modern” words which I have culled from its diverting pages:—“Cloom,” v.a., to close with paste; “Star-chamber,” a criminal Court of Equity; “Sdaign,” v.a., to disdain; “Trunk-breeches”; “Riding-rod” (fancy a lady in Rotten Row with a “riding-rod”!); “Piqueer,” v.a., to plunder; “Piqueerer,” a robber; “Nidgery,” a frivolous thing; “Burse,” a bank (shade of Sir Thomas Gresham’s “Britain’s Burse”!); “Bysse,” a silken hood (perhaps our great-great-grandmothers may have worn “bysses”).

Mem.: There is no entry of “postage-stamp”; but “postage-label” does make its appearance, drolly rendered as “marca di francare”;—the Italian for postage-stamp being, as a matter of fact, “franco-bollo.”

Touching this same dictionary, bulging with obsolete words, I would respectfully draw my readers’ attention to the following exquisite specimen of courtesy on the part of a correspondent whose personal acquaintance I should be delighted to make. I would take him to Rosherville, and make him spend a very happy day there, eating shrimps and reading “Chesterfield’s Letters.”

Mr. M. Hill presents his compliments to Mr. G. A. S., or the Distressed Compiler or whatever he pleases to call himself, and writes to say that if he goes to any foreign bookseller in town and asks for the fifth edition of “The New Italian and English and English and Italian Dictionary,” by Millhouse and Bracciaventi, he will find the words *Tramezey* and *Rivoltella* translated quite correctly.

How polite! It so happens that I have the fifth edition of Millhouse (2 vols., Milan, 1880; and a very excellent and exhaustive dictionary it is) on my shelves at home. But it

was in Rome, and not in London, that I wanted an English-Italian dictionary; and it was at Piale’s in the Piazza di Spagna that I paid ten or twelve francs (I forget which) for a James and Grassi dictionary with the date “1882” and the esteemed name of “Tauchnitz” on the title-page, which dictionary proved to be utterly useless to me. If Mr. Hill had understood that which I wrote he would not have been the means of wasting my time in reading his rude note.

But there is politeness and politeness. The “Cat’s-meat Man” jingle which I printed in the hope of procuring the title of a brilliant Austrian marching melody, has brought me many friendly replies. “B. Y.” writes from Vienna, “She fell in love with the Cat’s-meat Man” will ring very nicely to the tune of the Radetzky March. A whole chorus tried it with splendid effect and thank you for the suggestion.” “E. K.” and half-a-dozen more correspondents also identify the “Cat’s-meat Man” with the Radetzky March, and “E. K.” says that it was composed by Herr Joseph Strauss (father). Another correspondent opines that the motive of the melody is the “Caprice Hongrois.” I do not think that he is right. Still less am I of the opinion of “Sambo” (Dublin), who thinks that my jingle fits the tune of “Buffalo girls, will you come out to-night, and dance by the light of the moon?” I will “bet my pile” on the Radetzky March; and when my Groom of the Chambers has finished cleaning the windows, the paper collar and cuffs to my only flannel *hypokamison*, sifting the cinders, and chopping up the cold boiled cabbage (the scanty remains of yesterday’s dinner) for the dog Hobson-Jobson’s lunch, I will send him down to Bond-street to inquire at the music-shops for the march in question.

Our old and long-suffering, although small, friend, “the merest school-boy” is ordinarily expected to possess an appallingly large store of information on all sorts of subjects; nor is this Young Prodigy—this Sucking Crichton—alone in being continually twitted with his inability to produce, at call, facts which perhaps he has forgotten, or which he never knew. Take the important department of Biography for example, confining your survey thereof only to the last three generations, and ask yourself whether you (as a rule) or “the merest school-boy” know much about the lives of such nineteenth-century celebrities as Count Fortia D’Urban, François De Neuchâteau, the first Manuel Garcia, Henry Greathead (inventor of the life-boat), Madame Jacquotot, Lord Hutchinson, Dr. Marshman, the first Count D’Orsay, John Reeves, Karl Böttiger, Don Escoiquitz, Henry Vandernoot, and Field-Marshal Zucchi. Specialists in biography may know all about these bygone notoriety; but I frankly own that I was as wise as you, or “the merest school-boy,” may be in the matter until I glanced through, lately, three “pudgy” little volumes published by Sir Richard Phillips and Co. in 1823, and entitled “Public Characters of All Nations, consisting of Biographical Accounts of nearly Three Thousand Eminent Contemporaries.” “Public Characters” was the modest precursor of “Men of the Time.”

But it was for a purpose that I took down the three little volumes which I have had “top-shelved” for many years. I wished to compare “Public Characters” with a work, in one volume (pp. 1075, double cols.), just published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., and called “Celebrities of the Century: being a Dictionary of the Men and Women of the Nineteenth Century.” At once I put the quality of the Dictionary to the test. I looked up “Fouché.” Readers of this Journal are aware that the will of a Fouché, Duke of Otranto, lately deceased, has just been proved in London. The First Napoleon’s Fouché duly appears in Messrs. Cassell’s “Celebrities”; only it is not stated therein that the notorious Minister of Police was, prior to the Revolution, a monk, and that he taught philosophy and the *belles lettres* in a college. “Emile Zola”—he is among the “Celebrities,” sure enough; so is Count Alfred D’Orsay, the dandy; but not the first, or Fighting, D’Orsay. I miss Pierce Egan the Elder; “Tom” Duncombe, M.P.; Thomas Wakley, M.P.; Barry O’Meara (he was one of the original members of the committee of the Reform Club); and Ducrow, the equestrian, and lessee of Astley’s Amphitheatre; but these are but spots on the sun; and “Celebrities of the Century” is really an astonishingly copious repertory of conspicuous people of the Nineteenth Century.

I note that a “Dinner after the Manner of the Ancients”—the Ancient Greeks—has been given at Boston (“Hub of the Universe”); that ladies, as well as gentlemen (quite right and proper), were among the guests, and that the bill-of-fare was in the Greek language, and printed in the Greek character. I have not seen the Hellenic-Boston *menu*; but, in view of a similar banquet being contemplated in London, one might (under correction from Professor Blackie and Dr. Schliemann) suggest the following viands:—

Ostrea.
Rophema ek diaphorôn chortên.
Trôktes me elaiôn.
Glôssa me artutika lachana.
Biphteki me geônêla.
Moskokarykeura me akras asparagion.
Perdix me kramlas.
Tâ Epidôptia.
Oporikâ protophanêsima.

Girton girls please translate for the benefit of your little brothers, “the merest schoolboys”; and at the same time correct the mistakes into which I may have fallen. In mercy to the composers, the Roman character, instead of “the letters Cadmus gave,” has been used. But there is another and a very much cheaper way of giving a truly classical Grecian dinner. All you want is a set of electro-plated side-dishes and a sufficient supply of hot water. Fill the former with the latter and cover closely. Then, having gathered at your festive board all the nice, agreeable people who in the days of your prosperity used to fawn upon you, and lick your boots, and who recently, when you were supposed to be very poor, declined to lend you one-and-ninety, make them a neat speech, with the peroration, “Uncover, dogs, and lap!” Then leave them to the enjoyment of the electro-plated side-dishes, full of warm water. That was the kind of dinner (we have Shakespeare’s word for it) given by one Timon, who lived at Athens over so many hundreds of years ago. G. A. S.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

To say that the one hundred and nineteenth Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which opens to the public on Monday next, shows an improvement upon its predecessor, is to pay it a small compliment. If, at first sight, it seems to fail in distinctive attractions, it is because of the high level attained by so large a number of the exhibitors. The Council this year has exercised a wise discretion in excluding a number of pictures, of which the only justification was that they served as foils to the works of those who could claim space by right of membership. The days of Messrs. Hart, Herbert, *c tutti quanti*, are gone by; and, bad as some of the older academicians are—slovenly, mechanical, and wooden—they have not yet attained their maturity; and we will hope that long ere that undesired goal be reached the rules under which the Hanging Committee must act will have been reformed from within or from without. Our immediate concern, however, is with the present, and this year's Exhibition will, above all things, strengthen the position which the President and Mr. Alma Tadema among the Associates, have already achieved. We should also add to these Mr. Onslow Ford and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, whose design for a colossal statue of Gordon, supported by the four emblematic figures of Faith, Fortitude, Justice, and Charity, will redeem British sculpture from the contempt which has not been altogether undeserved. Among the newcomers we must especially welcome Mr. Herman Herkomer, who sends a portrait of his cousin, Mr. Herkomer (413), worthy of being placed beside Franz Hals or Van der Helst for its marvellous treatment and colour—being, with the exception of the hands and face, wholly painted in black, but is, nevertheless, as light and transparent as if the artist had every colour of the rainbow on his palette. Mr. Sargent, Mr. S. Solomon, Mr. C. H. Macartney, and Mr. Alfred Hunt are all strongly represented; and we shall refer to their work more particularly on a subsequent occasion. For the present, we must content ourselves with a general survey.

In passing through the rooms of Burlington House, where probably the best efforts and aspirations of our artists are to be found, one is struck with the almost entire absence of those special "schools" of art which in foreign countries are so strongly marked. The individuality of English art has, we are well aware, attracted the commendation of foreign critics; but their approval has ever been mingled with certain reservations and regrets that none amongst our greatest contemporary painters have had strength or superiority sufficient to impose themselves upon their younger rivals, and to leave a distinctive mark upon the art of their day. It was not always so with English painting; but there has always been more or less of the tendency to allow each artist to achieve distinction in his own individual way; and we are by no means certain that the result justifies our fellow-countrymen. For instance, if we select, in the present Exhibition, the two or three most distinctive works of our "veterans," Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, and Mr. Orchardson. From the first we have two of the very best works he has produced since he became President—"The Last Watch of Hero" (229) and "The Jealousy of Simnetha" (160). In the former the "Bride of Abydos" is standing at the window of her palace, watching the coming of him whom "Love had sent, but forgot to save," and wholly unconscious that almost beneath her watch-tower—as shown in the monochrome (230)—the angry waves have thrown up his beautiful dead body in careless unconcern of her passionate prayers for his safety. The other picture, which is inspired by one of the idylls of Theocritus, represents the sorceress, seated beside her magic wheel, gorgeously attired, and surrounded by more accessories than the President is accustomed to introduce into his work—for he does not submit without a protest to the exigencies of the Neo-classicists. These two pictures, however, mark a very important development of Sir Frederick Leighton's art—the infusion of passion into faces and figures treated classically. We have the ivory softness of flesh, the delicate harmony of colour which in former years distinguished his work; but this year he seems to have gone back to the best period of his youthful promise. The President has three other works, to which we shall have occasion to allude later on. Almost at the very other end of the art-gamut is Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, who finds in domestic life many subjects for his brush: this year his "The First Cloud" (291), a handsome fair-haired woman, a trifle over-dressed for a mere *tête-à-tête* evening with her husband. Perhaps he has expressed himself somewhat too harshly on her personal expenditure, or recalled with bitter sarcasm some harmless speech of bygone times. The lady, at any rate, is deeply wounded, and is moving majestically away from the room, leaving her husband sole possessor of the hearthrug. Had the age of the two actors in this domestic drama been more widely separated, it might have served as the complement to the two already-painted episodes of the *mariage de convenance*; but perhaps the artist may grimly wish to suggest that marriages of affection sometimes end as unsatisfactorily as those "of convenience." Sir John Millais is represented this year by five works, of which the most generally interesting will be "Mercy" (293), which will necessarily challenge comparison with the "Huguenot Lover," painted in 1851. On this occasion, Sir John Millais has taken his "hero" from the Catholic camp. Fully equipped for the ghastly work of St. Bartholomew's Eve, the knight, at the bidding of a stern-faced monk, is hurrying from his "hotel," in spite of the entreaties of a sweet-faced woman in religious garb, who would turn him from his fanatical enterprise. The picture, perhaps, tells its own tale more distinctly than did the Huguenot of five-and-thirty years ago. The artist's hand is more deft, and his sense of colour sobered; but, somehow, when looking at the present work and admiring its qualities, the feeling is forced upon one that the ideal which inspired the artist in his youth no longer urges him to throw into his work that intense self-belief, which can only make proselytes, or to note feelings below the surface. "The Nest" (25) is more in Sir J. Millais's later style—a mother holding up her child to look at a thrush's nest. In the child's face the artist has touched a chord which appeals to thousands, and, however little we may be disposed to approve of the scant care bestowed on the background, this picture will rank among the artist's most popular productions.

Such being the masters, we might naturally expect to find on the walls of an academy some trace of their teaching. But we may look in vain. Here and there an artist may have caught one or more of the "mannerisms" of these professors, and one or two may have obtained a notion of the method by which the results are achieved. Mr. Perugini is, perhaps, the most successful of those who follow the President. His "Peonies" (133), the study of a girl, has all the refinement of his leader's work; it is as even in surface, as delicate in colour, and, though wanting in vigour and originality, it often has a poetry of its own. Mr. Herbert Schmalz, too, aspires to take his place among the Neo-classicists, and his picture entitled "Widowed" (1029) is a favourable specimen of his power and method. It represents a young Norsk warrior, bringing back the shield and helmet of his slain father. He

is met on the shore by his now widowed, fair-haired mother, surrounded by her attendants—a well-composed group of rough Vikings—whom the artist has nevertheless endowed with certain classic elegance and grace. This might be pardonable, but when the requirements of a classical composition replace by mere hardness all passion and feeling in the widowed Queen's face, one is tempted to think that Mr. Schmalz would have done better to recall the Horatian maxim concerning the cobbler and his last.

In concluding this preliminary notice, we should express our gratitude to the Council for giving publicity to only two pictures directly bearing on the Jubilee, pictures both by Mr. H. Wells, R.A., one, "The Queen and Her Judges" (190) (at the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice), in which it is only fair to say that the portraits are in many cases excellent, not to say photographic; the other (624), going back to the very earliest moment of her Majesty's reign, representing the famous visit to Kensington Palace to announce to Princess Victoria her accession to the throne. It was at five o'clock in the morning that the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) and the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham) reached Kensington, after a three-hours' ride from Windsor, and on their arrival they found difficulty in obtaining admission, all the inmates being asleep. At length they got inside the gates, but "were turned into one of the lower rooms, and were again forgotten." Their impatience and insistence at last prevailed, for as they said, "We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." The young Queen, at least on her part, did not keep the message-bearers waiting, for, we are told, "in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." The scene could not be better described by pen; the public will express its own opinion how far Mr. Wells has succeeded in transferring it to canvas.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It does not at all follow that, because "The Red Lamp" is not a wholly satisfactory or satisfying play, that on that account it is unworthy of attention. Far otherwise. For one scene alone, played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Rosina Filippi with an artistic finish and an absolute fidelity to nature that at one time could only be found in Parisian theatres of the first class, the price of a stall at the Comedy Theatre may be considered a very judicious investment. In these days, we are too much inclined to mark off our plays into two lists, black or white. They are either good plays or bad plays; they are either instantly to be seen, or promptly to be rejected. In the case of a new and comparatively inexperienced author, when his work is submitted to the test of analysis and close study—when his story is dissected, and his method discussed, it is too promptly assumed that what he has written is not worth hearing, and what he has illustrated is not worth seeing. Luckily for Mr. Outram Tristram, the public has not been frightened away from "The Red Lamp" by the criticism that it evoked, and the house has been crowded by attentive audiences ever since the first night, when several of the company—notably Lady Monckton—suffered from a paralysis of nervousness that prejudiced the interest of several of the most important and vigorous scenes. It was announced beforehand that the new play treated of fashionable Russian life as in the "Danischeffs," and with Nihilism as was the case in "Fédora"; but few could have conjectured that the play owes its title not to some mysterious lantern over an archway leading to a conspirators' den or subterranean tunnel, but to a huge "moderator," with a crimson Bond-street shade, that is placed in the open window of the salon of a Russian Princess, who, though devoted heart and soul to the Czar, finds herself aiding and abetting the anarchical conspiracies of her young brother, a sworn Nihilist. On two points the critics are pretty generally agreed. First of all, the play suffers from a failure of love-interest; secondly, the author continually tantalises his audience by promising what he does not perform and suggesting incidents that never happen. But apart from all that, there is unquestionably a strong interest in the story as it stands. Though the method of construction may be faulty, still the play is unquestionably the work of a clever man, and the stage is so constantly full of gaily-dressed men and pretty women, the scene is so attractive, and the acting, in several instances, so remarkably good, that, at the present time, when good plays are few and far between, a close study of "The Red Lamp" may be conscientiously recommended to all who are fond of stage-plays.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is one of the very few actors whose personality has a strong influence on every audience he addresses. He communicates his magnetism to those in front of him; whatever he does is watched with the utmost attention, whatever he says is listened to with the keenest interest. And this being the case, until Mr. Tree takes the leading character, and assumes the dominant interest of the play in which he is concerned, he will most assuredly dwarf his companions and upset the balance of the scenes in which he is engaged. So marvellous is the artistic detail of his work, so striking his individuality, and so thoroughly masterful his method, that the actor assumes a prominence that his part very often does not justify. This is not the actor's fault: it is his merit; but then it may be observed that the harmony of the picture is very often destroyed by too daring a bit of colour. Now, the detective Demetrius is not the leading part in the new play; he is relatively as subordinate to the main interest as the Baron Stein in Sardou's "Dora." But Mr. Beerbohm Tree brings him into such strong relief that we find ourselves watching the twitching of the old gentleman's face, listening to his chuckles, and noticing how he swallows a lozenge, instead of paying very much attention to the Nihilistic conspiracy, or the part old Demetrius plays in it. Mr. Tree cannot possibly dwarf or conceal his undoubted talent; he cannot hide his light under a bushel, or check his influence over an audience. He is one of the very few whose art commands interest and demands sympathy. He has got to the position that Mr. Henry Irving had acquired when Digby Grant was more talked of than the whole of the play of the "Two Roses" and the company put together. The time has come for him to find out a dramatic scheme as relatively important as "The Bells" in which his talent can have full scope and play. The next play he produces he must take the lead: the front seat instead of the back one. By one of those lucky accidents that sometimes occur, the exactly right person has been selected for a certain small but important part. Miss Rosina Filippi is the very woman she personates. Gesture, tone, accent, manner alike are faultless. I really cannot see how it would be possible to get the French waiting-maid better played than it is by this young lady, and I cordially agree with a critic who has observed that all London—or that part of it that can appreciate good acting—should go and see the scene where the wily old Russian detective and diplomatist tempts and bribes the artful and avaricious little maid. Lady Monckton was certainly not at her best on the first night: she seldom is. But I am credibly informed she

now plays the Princess with the power, the decision, and abandonment that were at the outset checked by nervousness. The character of an American journalist, assigned to Mr. Charles Sugden, requires revision. Rudeness and ill-breeding are not fun, nor do they become more palatable by being put into the mouth of a journalist. Mr. Sugden's style is British to the backbone. He is far more familiar with Piccadilly or Pall-mall than the Broadway. He has studied life at the Hôtel Continental in Regent-street; not at Delmonico's. At rehearsal this character should have been changed to an Englishman, and revised accordingly. It was a disappointment to many of us that Miss Marion Terry had so little to do, except to look as picturesque and interesting as she ever does. Mr. Laurence Cantley is a young actor of considerable promise and welcome enthusiasm. It is dangerous work praising young actors or actresses, because they instantly consider that they are Delaunays or Desclées. But unless Mr. Cantley cultivates affectation and is spoiled by the ladies, he will be, or work his way to be, that most desirable thing—a young actor who can make love with fervour and declaim with passion.

How time flies! The warning note of Mr. Irving's American tour has been sounded, and he has already started his series of farewell revivals. I was present at the Lyceum the first night the "Bells" was ever played, and attempted to describe the effect of it on a surprised and startled audience a few minutes after the curtain fell. Since then, I have seen the play, and should be afraid to say how many times, or under what varied circumstances. But it never fails to interest; and I can conscientiously say that I do not believe Mr. Irving ever played Mathias better than he did last Saturday night, never with more thought, never with such a power over his audience. They were spell-bound, and there was a hush of silence as each curtain fell only to be followed by a positive roar of applause. By way of a joke and to show his versatility, the actor, a few moments after the burgomaster had expired, and had died not nearly so realistically as he used to do, bounded on to the stage in the patched garments of Alfred Jingle in a curiously mutilated version of "Pickwick." It was a curiosity, and, as such, it was accepted.

The full cast of the promised revival of "Werner" for the Westland Marston Testimonial Benefit has been announced, and it will be seen that Mr. Irving has not gone outside his own company, and that Miss Ellen Terry has generously consented to play the small part of Josephine.

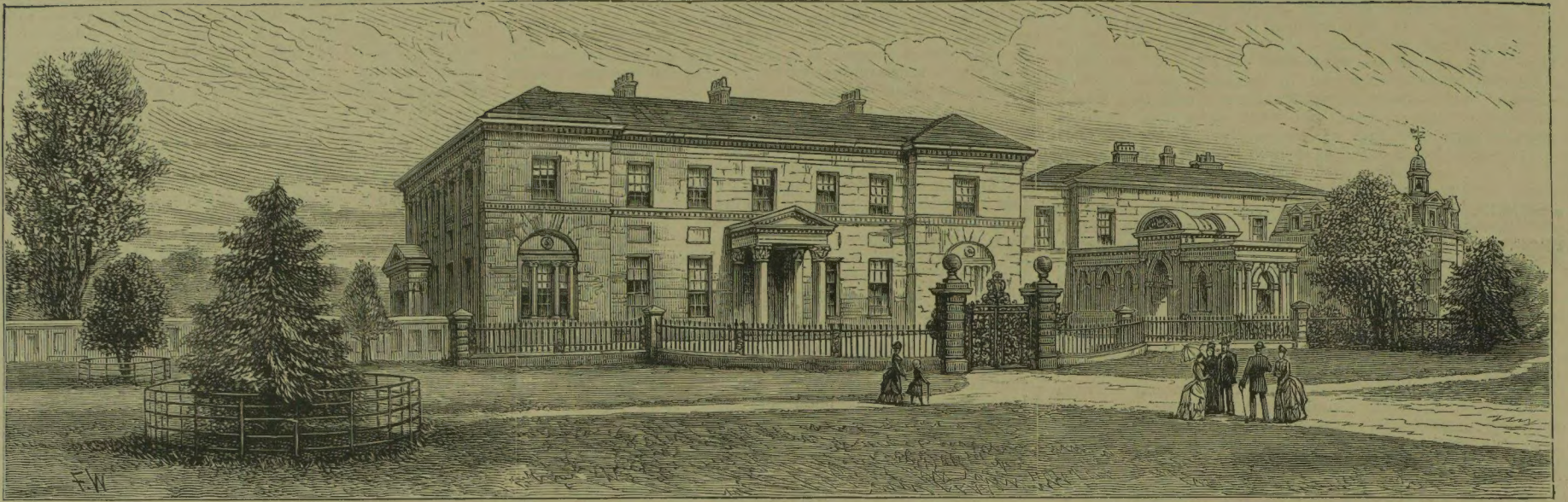
The matinee fever is at its height. If one were to describe them all at length, I should require several pages of this Journal. Suffice it then to say that Miss Henrietta Lindley has succeeded remarkably well in a new play called "Twice Married" at the Gaiety; that Mr. Gilbert Farquhar has delighted his friends at the Criterion by a finished portrait of a musty and testy old book-worm in Mr. Grundy's "May and December," and that Mr. Marsham Rae's ambitious German drama at the Princess's, called "The Witch," has considerably advanced the artistic position of Miss Sophia Eyre, and has introduced to the stage a very charming, sympathetic, and clever lady in Mrs. Marsham Rae, who has received sufficient encouragement to go on and prosper. The pity of it is that there is no taste for the kind of romantic drama that would suit the passionate power of Miss Eyre or the sympathetic tenderness of Mrs. Marsham Rae, who does her instructress—Mrs. Stirling—great credit.

The next event of importance in the dramatic world will be the production, at the Opera Comique, of "Lena Despard," the dramatised version of a book called "As in a Looking-glass." Mrs. Bernard Beere is to be Lena Despard—a woman of to-day.

C. S.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER TASMANIA.

The Tasmania, one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ships, was wrecked on Sunday, the 17th ult., on the Monk rocks, on the south-west coast of Corsica. These rocks, "Les Moines," off Point Roccapiña, are fancied to bear some resemblance to a procession of cowed monks. The Tasmania was on her way to Marseilles, having left Port Said on the 12th, with 120 passengers and cargo from Bombay, and 161 crew and officers. It was four o'clock in the morning; the steamer, going at least thirteen knots an hour, struck with terrible force. The fore part, and all to within a few yards of the mizen, plunged under water. The passengers crowded the after part of the deck. It was three miles from shore; a heavy sea was running. Captain Perrin, the commander, gave orders to lower the boats. Four of the eight boats were stove in before they could be of service. By six o'clock, however, most of the women and children were sent off to shore in the life-boat, with the fourth officer, followed by the three remaining boats, the last at half-past nine. The storm had much increased, and the boats could not return to the ship. Those left on board the Tasmania set to work making rafts. Two rafts were scarcely completed, when a great wave swept the deck, and carried one raft away. The Earl of Buckinghamshire, one of the passengers, and a Lascar sailor, went overboard with the raft. His Lordship was rescued with much difficulty. Captain Perrin, going to the chart-room to secure his papers, was struck by the fall of the engine-room skylight, and lay helpless. While the chief steward, with Major Cooper and others, hastened to assist him, another huge wave burst over the ship, washed the captain into the well, and he was seen no more alive. Mr. Newman, the chief officer, and Mr. Hull, the quartermaster, were washed overboard and drowned. The passengers took refuge in the smoking-room—more than eighty persons in a room 18 ft. square. The windows had been smashed; but they had to stop the openings with cushions, supported by men's backs, to keep out the sea. Almost stifled, they remained there, closely packed together, nearly twenty-four hours. The passengers bore their prolonged suffering and peril with admirable fortitude. At daybreak on the Monday morning, Mr. Platt, of Oldham, with his steam-yacht the Norseman, bravely came to the rescue. The Persévérant, belonging to the Morelli Company, soon followed, bringing the British Consul (Mr. Hicks Graves) and the acting Préfet of Corsica, with a store of provisions and wraps. The passengers were all brought to Ajaccio in these two vessels. General Cadell, C.B., who had accompanied the British Consul in the Persévérant, landed at Propriano, and proceeded to Sartene, to look after the women and children, who next day were conveyed to Ajaccio. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the kindness shown in Corsica to those of the passengers—the ladies and children especially—who were landed at Roccapiña. From the Mayor of Sartene down to the poorest peasant, all vied with each other in acts of generosity. Before quitting the port of Ajaccio for Marseilles, the ladies of the party left a touching letter of thanks to the Corsican population, to be communicated to them through the British Consul. We have these particulars from the Rev. Dawney J. C. Swinny, the English chaplain at Ajaccio. Fifty of the passengers have subscribed an address commending also Mr. Watkins, chief officer of the Tasmania, for his conduct. Our illustration of the wreck is from a sketch by Surgeon G. E. Hale, of the medical staff.



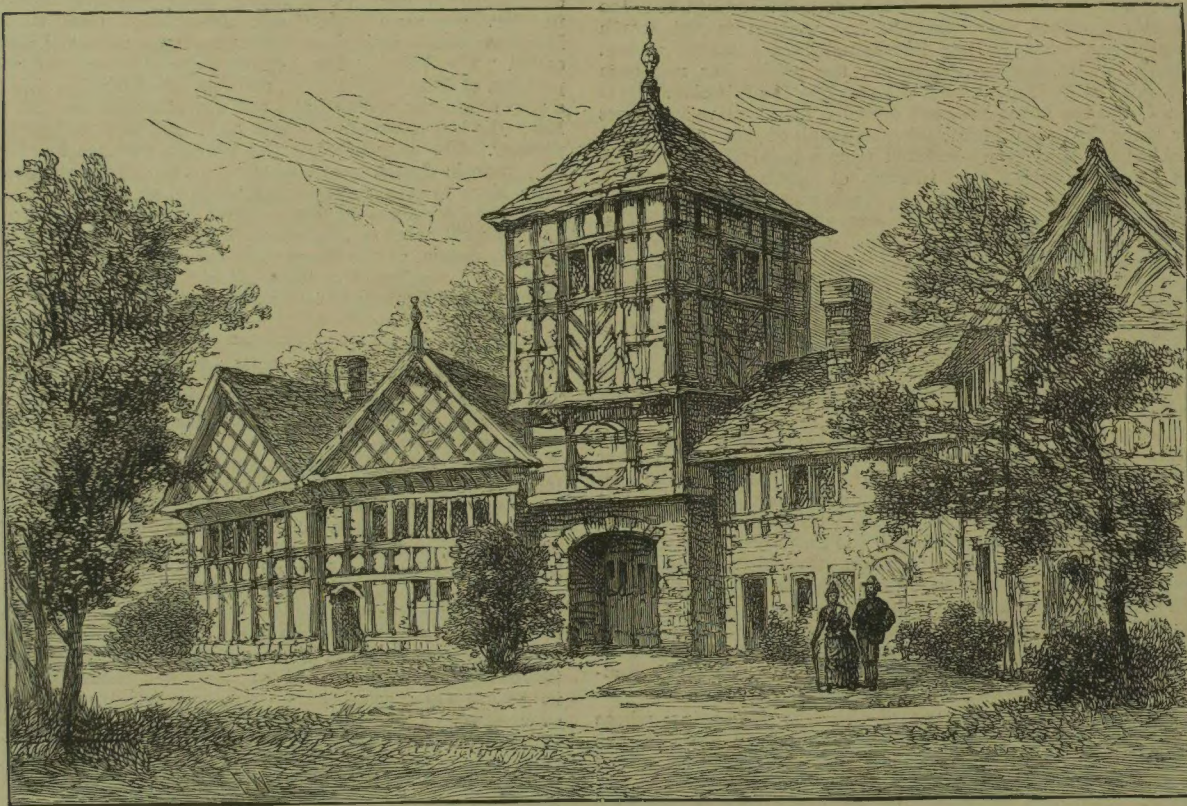
TATTON, FROM THE PARK ENTRANCE.

The approaching visit of the Prince of Wales to Manchester, at the opening of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, is an occasion for giving some account of that important provincial city. A recently-published guide-book calls it an "Imperial city"; we know not why, for it is not even a county capital. It obtained the style of "city" by a Royal charter in 1853, having been made a Bishop's see in 1848, and a borough, with Mayor and Aldermen, in 1838. Before that time, its Borough-reeve and constables were elected at the Court-leet of the Lord of the Manor. Sir Oswald Mosley sold the manor to the new Corporation in 1845. But Manchester is an ancient town, which was described in 1724 as "the largest, richest, most populous

and busy *village* in England." On the banks of the Irwell, where the Irk and Medlock pour their streams into that river, a few miles above its junction with the Mersey, Agricola, in A.D. 79, founded the Roman military station of Mancunium, or Mamucium. Passing over many centuries of obscure early history, we find that, in 1422, Thomas De la Warre, Lord of the Manor, who took holy orders, founded the Collegiate Church.

This sacred edifice, long known as "t'owd church," though St. Mary's was the original parish church, is now the Cathedral. It stands on the high river-bank, "Hunt's Bank," with a dignified aspect, being of fifteenth-century Perpendicular architecture, with a wide nave, side aisles and side chapels, choir,

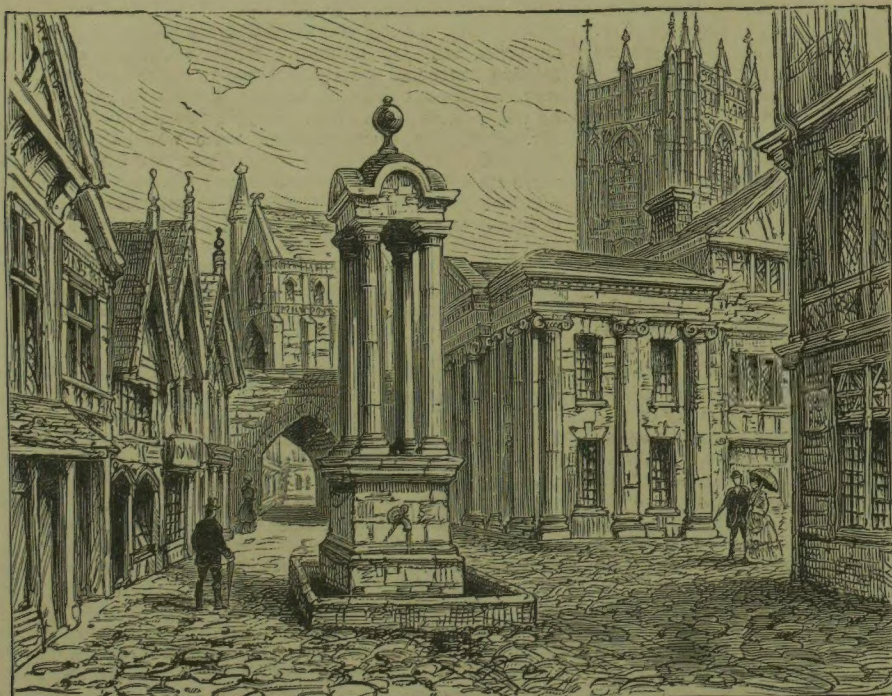
and Lady chapel, and a tower 193 ft. high. The carved oak stalls and canopies in the choir are of elaborate workmanship, and there are good stained-glass windows. The restorations of the church since 1845 have cost £35,000. In the alleys and passages at the side of the old churchyard, leading from Market-street, a few houses of antique appearance might be found of late years. But the visitor who is curious to see what "Old Manchester" was like will have to study it at the Exhibition, in an extensive collection of architectural models, similar to those of "Old London," erected at South Kensington within the past five years. Next to the Cathedral, the most remarkable ancient institution now extant is the Cheetham



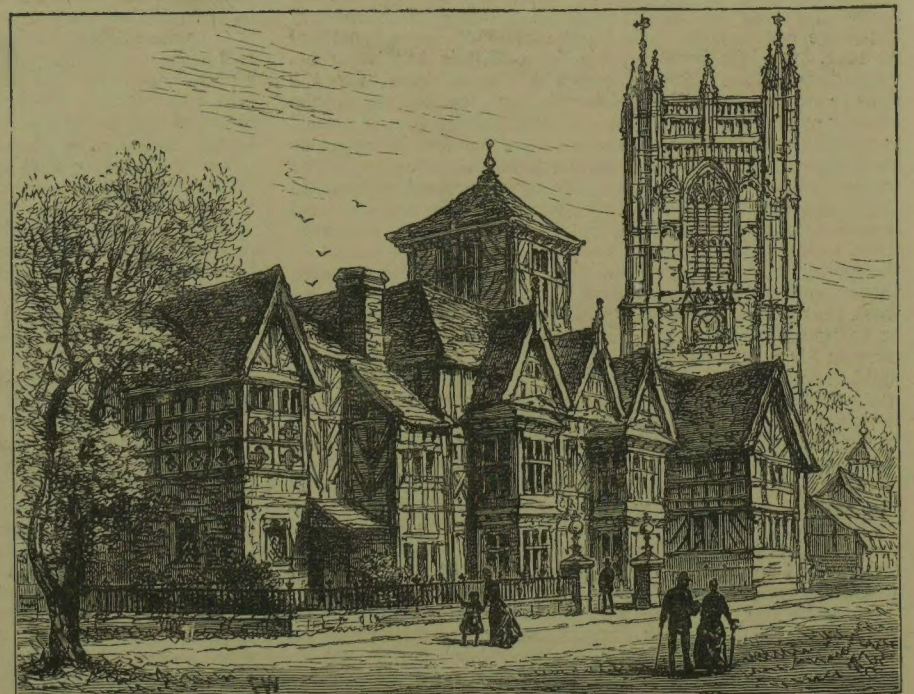
HULME HALL.



ROMAN ARCH.



MARKET-STED LANE.



ANCOATS HALL, AND CHURCH TOWER.



College, with its valuable library, founded in 1651 by Humphrey Cheetham, merchant, who also founded the Manchester Grammar School. The College was an hospital for poor boys; it was some time the residence of the Warden and Chaplains. Among the members of the old ecclesiastical corporation were several divines noted for learning or piety—Dean Nowell; Robert Bolton; Whitaker, who became President of St. John's College, Cambridge, and John Bradford, who was burnt at Smithfield, in London; also the famous Dr. Dee, the astrologer, in Queen Elizabeth's time.

Manchester, however, presents at this day little else that has not a modern character. None of the other churches are buildings older than the eighteenth century. St. Anne's, St. Peter's, and St. John's are the most remarkable. The main street, rising from the Irwell to Piccadilly, where a large open space extends around the Royal Infirmary, is a scene of lively bustle. Its most conspicuous building is the Exchange, a heavy-looking edifice in a sort of Italian style, containing one of the largest rooms under a single ceiling, and used for immense business in cotton, yarns, and calicos. The Royal Infirmary has a bold portico of Ionic columns, with a domed clock-tower; in front are bronze statues of Wellington and Peel, of James Watt, and of Dalton, the philosopher and chemist, who was a Manchester man. The Townhall, one of the grandest recent buildings in the Gothic style, by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, stands in Albert-square, a short way to the south of Market-street, with an Albert Memorial statue in a Gothic shrine before it. Containing all the municipal offices, a superb public hall, reception-rooms, and a residence for the Mayor, it is of vast size, and its tower rises to a height of 286 ft., furnished with a clock and a musical peal of bells. The most beautiful, certainly, of the Manchester public buildings is that of the Assize Courts, by the same architect, in Great Ducie-street, Strangeways, beyond the Cathedral to the north. It combines, with harmonious effect, the characteristic features of Early English and of Decorated Gothic; the interior is admirably contrived, and the great hall, 100 ft. long, has an impressive majesty becoming the temple of Justice. In Mosley-street, between Piccadilly and Oxford-street, is the Royal Institution, devoted to science, literature, and art, occupying a fine Doric building of Sir Charles Barry's. Near this, in Princess-street, is the Manchester Athenæum, once highly distinguished for its literary social gatherings, established in a handsome mansion of Italian style. The Victoria University, including Owens College, has superseded the former leadership of those institutions in Manchester intellectual life. It occupies a considerable group of new buildings, a mile distant along the Oxford-road, on the south side of the town. In Peter-street, on the site of the ground, near St. Peter's Church, where a deplorable affray between the yeomanry cavalry and the people assembled for a political meeting, in 1819, gave the place the name of "Peterloo," there are several buildings worth notice. These are the Concert Hall, the Theatre Royal, and the Free Trade Hall; this last on the site of the temporary structure used for the famous meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The former Townhall, in King-street, is now the Manchester Free Library, supported by the Corporation.

The visible ornaments of Manchester have thus been enumerated, to which should be added the stately appearance of many of the commercial warehouses, banks, and other business offices, several new clubs, and the public parks in the suburbs. It will be allowed that much has been done to relieve the town from a cold and monotonous appearance; yet it can scarcely vie with Liverpool, Glasgow, or even Birmingham, in architectural display. Its municipal government has performed much useful work. The supply of water and that of gas are both satisfactory to the inhabitants and a profitable business for the Town Council; paving, sewer-making, and street-cleaning are well attended to; the police and the fire brigade are fairly efficient. The adjacent borough of Salford, on the opposite bank of the Irwell, has its own Mayor and Corporation. It is more of a manufacturing and less a commercial town than Manchester. Salford does not exhibit an air of much distinction; but there is the Peel Park, on the sloping bank of the winding river, tastefully laid out as a public garden, with a mansion occupied by an attractive Museum, with a Free Library; and the Queen's visit in 1851 is gratefully remembered. The population of Manchester, at the census of 1881, was 314,414, and that of Salford, 176,233; but if these towns, with the adjoining suburbs, can be regarded as one community, like the parts of London north and south of the Thames, its total numbers will stand at 661,416 by that census, and have probably since been increased.

Reverting to the incidents of local history, we find it on record that Manchester bore a part in the Civil War, repelling in 1642 the Royalist forces of the Earl of Derby, and defying those of the Earl of Newcastle in the next year; that it sent a representative to Cromwell's Parliament; but that, in the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745, this town, with Preston and other places in Lancashire, was on the side of the Pretender. The vain and unlucky young Prince, Charles Edward Stuart, was received here with acclamation, and a few of his supporters were consequently hanged. Manchester folk subscribed and volunteered unsparingly in support of George III.'s Government, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, to fight against the American Revolution, the French, and the Irish, and in the war with Napoleon. The Government at that time was favouring the mercantile interests of Manchester, which had been vastly expanded by the invention of the steam-engine, of the spinning-jenny, the mule, the power-loom, and other machines for linen and cotton manufactures. Linens and woollens, formerly the staple industry, gave place to cotton at Manchester, and in East Lancashire generally, about a hundred years ago. The port of Liverpool afforded peculiar facilities to that district for obtaining the raw material. It long enjoyed a practical monopoly of the trade, which cannot be maintained for ever, and has now to meet competition in many parts of the world. Commercial statistics would hardly be entertaining to our readers; the figures are astounding; what imagination is able to compass the working-up of a million millions of pounds of cotton in a single year! The actual process of manufacture has, for many years past, been chiefly carried on not in Manchester itself, but in the large towns around—Bolton, Bury, Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton, Hyde, Stalybridge, and Stockport, and many cotton-spinning villages. In East and North Lancashire, at and about such great towns as Burnley, Blackburn, and Preston, cotton-weaving is the principal industry; and calico-printing is also a business of much importance. Manchester has become the great mart of commerce in these articles of Lancashire factory production, and in the imported material which enters by the Mersey; hence the project of the Ship Canal.

Mr. J. N. Ellaby announces a series of Saturday afternoon recitals at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly (French Chamber), beginning to-day with miscellaneous selections of an interesting and a varied nature. Next Saturday he will give a scene from "Coriolanus," and some miscellaneous pieces; and on May 14, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

The Royal Jubilee Exhibition, which is not of a merely local, but of an international, character, and comprises a fine collection of works of art, as well as of the products of various industries, occupies a range of buildings erected at Old Trafford, two miles south-west of the central part of Manchester, beyond the junction of Chester-road and City-road with the Stretford new road, which passes through Hulme. Its site is near that of the memorable Art Exhibition of 1857, which was opened by the late Prince Consort; and its grounds include the Botanic Gardens, on the road to Stretford, Sale, and Altrincham in Cheshire. A very interesting feature of this Exhibition is the architectural reproduction of "Old Manchester and Salford," erected on the large lawn on the northern side of the Botanical Gardens, between the ordinary entrance to the Gardens and the grand entrance to the Exhibition in Chester-road. The task of design was entrusted by the executive committee to Messrs. Alfred Darbyshire, F.I.B.A., and F. Bennett Smith, architects. From the set of drawings which they prepared, models in plaster were made by Mr. Hindshaw, and were coloured by the architects for the guidance of the scenic artists. The general contract for the construction of buildings was taken by Messrs. R. Neill and Sons. All the lead lights and stained-glass windows were provided free of charge by Messrs. Edmundson and Son. The committee secured the services of Mr. Walter Hann for the artistic painting. The result will be admired by all visitors to the Exhibition. "Old Manchester" is entered through a Roman arch, flanked by two circular towers, presumed to represent the Porta Decumana of the ancient Mancunium, with a tablet bearing the names of the Emperor Domitian and of Agricola. The names of Roman legions and cohorts which garrisoned Mancunium are inscribed on the wall. Fine beech-trees overhang this representation of historical antiquity. The interior contains faithful imitations of many old buildings that formerly existed in the town and suburbs; characteristic examples of domestic architecture in the Tudor period, in the seventeenth century, and in the early part of the Georgian era. Our Sketches are those of Market Sted-lane, with its timber-framed houses, one of which—"The Palace"—was the lodging of the Young Pretender in 1745; the Cheetham College, which still remains; Hulme Hall, as the model is viewed from the Gardens; and Ancoats Hall, with the tower of the Old Church, as seen together from the entrance by the Roman Arch, of which also we give an illustration. A small Oratory, on the Bridge, is to be fitted up with an altar, furniture, and jewels, lent by Roman Catholic friends. Various branches of art-manufacture, jewellery, metal-working, and glass-painting, will be exhibited by skilled artificers. A large collection of engravings, drawings, and relics of antiquity, to show the former aspect and condition of Manchester and Salford, will be placed for inspection in the upper rooms of the Exhibition building. We shall give a further account of this Exhibition, and of its opening by the Prince of Wales, next week.

TATTON PARK.

The Prince of Wales, during his sojourn next week in the neighbourhood of Manchester, will be the guest of Lord Egerton of Tatton. Fifteen miles south of Manchester, in Cheshire, is the quiet little town of Knutsford, to which there is a pleasant walk, from Altrincham, by the beautiful "mere" or small lake of Rostherne, and through Tatton Park. This rural part of the country presents an agreeable aspect of soft verdure, with clear streams, unlike anything on the Lancashire side of Manchester. There are several noble parks, those of Dunham Massey, Tatton, and Tabley, adorned with clusters and avenues of fine trees, and inhabited by herds of deer. Tatton Park is the largest, being ten miles in circumference, and contains one or two meres, the grassy margins of which are refreshing to the eye. The mansion is a handsome building of white stone, with a Grecian portico, erected from Wyatt's design by Mr. Wilbraham Egerton. Its next owner, his son, was raised to the Peerage in 1859, having been M.P. for a division of the county twenty-six years; he was also Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire. His Lordship died in 1883, and was succeeded by his son, the Right Hon. Wilbraham Egerton, the second Lord Egerton of Tatton, who was born in 1832, and who likewise had sat in the House of Commons, for North Cheshire and Mid Cheshire, from 1858 until his accession to the Barony; he is married to a daughter of the second Earl Amherst, but has no son; and his brother, the Hon. Alan De Tatton, is heir presumptive to the title. Tatton originally belonged to a family of that name, from whom it passed by marriages to the Masseys, the Stanleys, the Breretons, and to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor in the reign of James I., ancestor of the Earls and Dukes of Bridgewater, the Earls of Ellesmere, and the Egertons of Tatton.

The court of the Drapers' Company have contributed £1000 to the Lord Mayor's fund for the Imperial Institute and the City Commercial Museum. In further commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee, the company have resolved that a dinner shall be given by them in the grounds of the People's Palace, Mile-end, or in some other suitable spot in the neighbourhood, to 5000 of the inhabitants of East London of the humbler classes.

Sir W. Stokes gave a banquet in Dublin last Saturday night, at which the Lord Lieutenant and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Bishop of Ossory, and about 120 other guests were present. His Excellency, in responding to the toast of "The Lord Lieutenant, and Prosperity to Ireland," said he wished it were in his power to find words in which to thank them cordially for the manner in which they had received the toast of his health, as the representative of her Majesty in Ireland. At any time he would feel great pleasure in receiving their hospitality, but it was not an ordinary pleasure to be able to celebrate the Jubilee of a most happy and eventful reign.—On Sunday evening the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Londonderry left Dublin for London, his Excellency staying in England for the week, while Lady Londonderry, in order to recruit her health, goes to Aix-les-Bains.

At the London Hospital Medical College the hospital scholarship, of the value of £20, for proficiency and zeal in clinical medicine, has been awarded to Mr. C. R. Killick, and an honorary certificate to Mr. Benjamin Walker; the hospital scholarship, of the value of £20, for proficiency and zeal in clinical surgery, to Mr. Evelyn Oliver Ashe, and honorary certificates to Mr. Owen Meredith Jones and Mr. Benjamin Walker; and the Duckworth-Nelson prize in practical medicine and surgery, value £10, to Mr. Benjamin Walker, and an honorary certificate to Mr. Owen Meredith Jones.—At Guy's Hospital Medical School the Michael-Harris prize in anatomy of £10 has been awarded to Mr. Frederick William Hall, of Sydney, New South Wales, and the Beaney prize in pathology of thirty guineas, to Mr. Theodore Fisher, of Greenwich.—At the Middlesex Hospital Medical School the Broderip scholarship, of the value of £30 per annum, and tenable for two years, has been awarded to Mr. W. H. Vickery, and that of £20 per annum, tenable for two years, to Mr. E. E. Lewis.

TESTIMONIAL TO COLONEL AIKMAN, V.C.

A silver model of an equestrian group, in which the figure of the rider is a striking likeness of Colonel Aikman, V.C., of the 4th Middlesex Regiment, was recently presented by old friends of the regiment to Mrs. Aikman. It is 18 in. high, and is supported at each end by a figure of a sergeant of the corps. Every detail has been carefully and correctly worked out; the general effect is very pleasing, and the work is a good specimen of the silversmith's art. It has been modelled and executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, at their factory, 35, King-street, Covent-garden. It does great credit to the artist and to all concerned in its production. An Engraving in our last week's paper showed the design of this very satisfactory piece of work; but the name of Colonel Aikman was accidentally changed to "Aiken."

THE CAMP OF EXERCISE, RAWUL PINDI.

Rawul Pindi, in the Punjab, between the Indus and Jhelum rivers, is an important station of the Indian army. During the late cool season, a considerable number of troops of the Bengal command have been assembled there for military exercises and manœuvres. Our correspondent, Lieutenant Offley Shore, of the 18th Bengal Lancers, sends a few sketches of amusing incidents, which may not detract from the merits of the professional instruction derived from those tactical performances. At any rate, they have possibly enlivened the proceedings, where much is necessarily formal "make-believe," the enemy being represented by flags, or by a mere "skeleton force," with four troopers standing for a whole squadron, and one gun for a battery of field artillery. The rifles, moreover, firing only blank cartridges, as on our Easter Monday Volunteer field-day, soldiers acquainted with the realities of warfare cannot fail to perceive that some of the movements there executed would be simply impossible in face of the shot and showers of bullets in actual battle. A worthy medical officer, the Surgeon-Major, is portrayed as a spectator in a critical mood, who does not see the sense of the practice of frequently dismounting and remounting, or, as he says, "tumbling off their horses and scrambling upon them again." He gets tired of looking on at this exercise, and stations himself, with an air of indifference, on the top of a rifle-butt, where he beguiles the time with reading a newspaper and eating some fruit. The more active performers in the mimic combat have enough to do in avoiding or trying to remedy the various mistakes that usually happen upon these occasions. Commanding officers are supposed to wait for information to be brought by their scouts. One of these, feeling bound to say conscientiously that he has seen the enemy, stops for ten minutes' chat with the scout of the hostile army; the delay of bringing his report arouses some impatience in the mind of his gallant chief. Other scouts are driven into a trap by the enemy's horsemen, and are not unlikely to be cut off and captured. There must be some fun in watching these interludes of the grand scheme of manœuvres. The umpire, of course, takes it all most seriously; but has to use his faculties of argument and persuasion with an invincible cavalry officer, who is reluctant to be convinced that he and his squadron have already been destroyed, or put *hors de combat*, by the tremendous fire of a battery turned upon them for the past half-hour. Cavalry are not indestructible; but there is an individual trooper so daring as to ride into the midst of a body of infantry, unmindful of the probability that he will be killed at least a hundred times. The officer and sower passing each other with a salute, in the central group, lack somewhat of correct grace of gesture; and the clumsy galloper, who figures in another drawing, has not a perfect style. But everybody knows that the troops and officers of the Indian Native regiments are well up to real work on fields of harder fighting than is to be seen on the plain of Rawul Pindi in these times of peace.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

The members of the Conference were entertained on Wednesday evening last week at a banquet at the St. George's Club, Hanover-square, Lord Bateman presiding. The Duke of Cambridge proposed "The Prosperity and Advancement of our Colonies, and Welcome to the Colonial Delegates," which was responded to by Sir Alexander Campbell, the Hon. A. Deakin, and Sir T. Upington. The St. George's Club has been appropriately the home of our Colonial guests during their stay in London.

On Thursday the Conference met at the Colonial Office, Sir Henry Holland presiding. The Right Hon. E. Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, as well as a number of other War Office officials, attended on behalf of their department, and Lord Onslow and Mr. W. A. Baillie Hamilton, secretary, were also present. The Conference had under discussion the question of Australasian land-defence, including King George's Sound and Thursday Island.

At Friday's sitting the Secretary of State for War gave an account of the progress which has, thus far, been made with the defence of the different coaling stations, specifying the works and armaments, and the proportion of expense borne in each case by the Imperial and Colonial Governments respectively. Further discussion arose as to King George's Sound and Torres Straits; and statements were made by different delegates as to the defence expenditure incurred by their respective Colonies. The Conference adjourned to Monday.

A garden party in honour of the Colonial delegates was given last Saturday by Lord Onslow, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, at Clarendon Park, near Guildford.

At Monday's sitting, on the further consideration of the question of the increase of the Australasian squadron, it was stated that the Governments of the several Colonies interested were prepared to act generally in concert, and would submit the proposals of the Conference to their Parliaments without delay.

Lord Salisbury took part in Tuesday's sitting, and made a full statement of the views and action of her Majesty's Government in respect to the affairs of the New Hebrides, and the objections to the continued transportation of habitual criminals by the French to the Pacific.

On Wednesday the discussion on telegraphic and postal questions was resumed. Thursday was devoted to certain questions of Colonial defence, including Table Bay, and also New Guinea; and statements by Newfoundland and other Colonies as to their land-defences. On Friday several subjects affecting trade were discussed. The Conference does not sit to-day (Saturday).

The annual dinner of the Press Club was held last Saturday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. E. E. Peacock, the president of the club, being in the chair. There was a large gathering of members of the club and of distinguished guests. Viscount Wolseley, in responding for "The Army," said that if any untoward event happened we should be able to place in the field two complete army corps and a division of cavalry, a larger British force than Wellington had ever commanded, and twice the strength of the little army we had sent to the Crimea.

THE COURT.

The birthday of Princess Beatrice was celebrated at Aix-les-Bains yesterday week. In the morning the regimental band of the 13th Chasseurs played under the windows of her apartments from 8.30 till eleven. The Princess afterwards received Colonel Massing, of the 8th Hussars, and Lieutenants Baron Bourget and the Duc De Maille, commanding the detachments forming her Majesty's Guard of Honour. The Queen, accompanied by the two Princesses and Prince Henry of Battenberg, walked in the gardens of the Villa Mottet in the morning, and in the afternoon went for a two-hours' drive with Princess Beatrice and the Hon. Harriet Phipps. At three o'clock Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Southampton, General Ponsonby, and Major Bigge, received bouquets from a deputation of a few of the English residents there. Her Majesty and Prince Henry of Battenberg also presented her Royal Highness with magnificent bouquets, which were sent specially from Cannes. Most of the houses in the place were decorated with flags in recognition of the birthday of the Royal visitor. At night there were fireworks and illuminations. Princess Louise left in the evening. On Saturday the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and suite, made an excursion to the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. We give, elsewhere, some particulars of the Royal visit and a view of the Monastery. Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and suite, attended service on Sunday morning at the English church. The Rev. Percy Pearce, Vicar of St. Paul's, Huddersfield, and Chaplain of Christ Church, Mentone, officiated, assisted by the Rev. D. McAnally. The Rev. Mr. Pearce, by special command of her Majesty, preached the sermon. In the afternoon the weather was showery, but the Queen went for a short drive, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg drove out together. Accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg the Queen drove and walked on Monday morning in the Marlioz Gardens and the town of Aix-les-Bains. At three o'clock her Majesty received the Mayor, the Curé of Aix, the Rev. D. L. and Mrs. McAnally, and Dr. Wakefield, and subsequently drove along the shore of Lake Bourget with the Prince and Princess.

As the number of metropolitan and other corps in the Home District taking part in the review at Aldershot on July 9, on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee, must necessarily be very limited, her Majesty has expressed her intention of witnessing, at Buckingham Palace, a march-past of the Home District Volunteers in the afternoon of July 2. At the review to be held at Aldershot on July 9, about 25,000 Volunteers (divided into battalions of about 600 of all ranks, exclusive of officers) will be allowed to be present.—It has been decided that the Naval Review in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee shall be held on July 23. Her Majesty and all the members of the Royal family who are in England at the time will be present at Spithead on the occasion.—A Committee of the Privy Council met on Tuesday in the Council Chamber, Whitehall, and passed orders for a thanksgiving to be offered upon the occasion of the completion of fifty years of her Majesty's reign.

Yesterday week the Prince of Wales presided at a weekly meeting of the Royal Institution, when Sir Frederick Abel read a paper on the work of the Imperial Institute. On Saturday last (St. George's Day, the anniversary of the Order) the Prince, G.C.M.G., was present at a dinner given by the members of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in the Banqueting-hall of St. James's Palace, to celebrate the Jubilee of the Queen as Sovereign of the Order. The Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Master, presided. On Sunday morning the Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud attended Divine service at Sandringham Church. The Rev. F. Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, officiated and preached. By command of the Queen a Levée was held on Monday afternoon at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty, and was numerously attended. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited the Prince and remained to luncheon. Their Royal Highnesses visited the Loan Exhibition of pictures by Sir Oswald Brierly, at the Pall-mall Gallery. In the evening the Prince was present at the fourth concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The Princess of Wales has come to London from Sandringham with her daughters, and will remain at Marlborough House for the season. Sir E. H. Currie has received a letter announcing that the Prince and Princess of Wales will make a point of being present at the opening of the People's Palace by the Queen on May 14.

Princess Louise has accepted an invitation to open the Liverpool Jubilee Exhibition on May 18. Her Royal Highness will be accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

A large and distinguished congregation of relatives and friends assembled on the 21st inst. at St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens, for the wedding of Lord Henry Grosvenor, second surviving son of the Duke of Westminster, and Dora Minna, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Hay Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle and Torrie House, in the county of Fife. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the Duchess of Albany were present. Lord Robert Grosvenor was best man to his brother; and there were six bridesmaids, all children—namely, Lady Margaret Grosvenor, sister, and the Ladies Constance and Lettice Grosvenor, nieces of the bridegroom; Miss Nancy Paget, niece of the bride; Miss Anne Dorothy Byng, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. F. E. C. Byng; and Miss Ida Hamilton, daughter of Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton. The bride was received by her eldest brother, Mr. Randolph Erskine Wemyss, who gave her away. The service was fully choral.

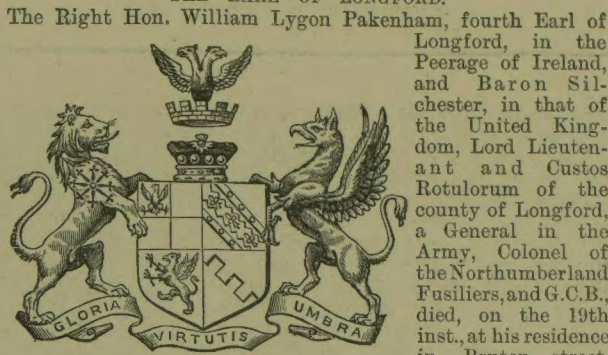
The marriage of Colonel the Hon. Henry Needham, brother of the Earl of Kilmorey, to Miss Campbell, was solemnised on Monday afternoon at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, before a large and aristocratic assemblage. The service was fully choral. The bride wore a dress of white duchesse satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and sprays of orange-blossom. There were three bridesmaids—Miss Gladys Higginson, Miss Cissy Drury-Lowe, and Miss Isabel Littleton.

Viscount Castlerosse, son of the Earl of Kenmare, and the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, eldest daughter of Lord Revelstoke, were married, on Tuesday afternoon, at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Cadogan-street, Chelsea. The high altar and sanctuary were profusely adorned with white flowers, chiefly lilies and marguerites. The whole of the church was carpeted with scarlet cloth. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her daughter, Princess Victoria, were present. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Margaret and the Hon. Susan Baring, sisters of the bride; Lady Margaret Browne, sister of the bridegroom; the Hon. Winifred Harbord, Miss Beatrice Mildmay, and Miss Violet Lambton. The Hon. Geoffrey Dawnay acted as Lord Castlerosse's best man.

Mr. Walter Herbert Ingram and Miss Ethelind Favoretta Hemming, daughter of Mr. Richard Hemming, of 15, Grosvenor-place, and Bentley Manor, Bromsgrove, were married on Wednesday afternoon, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF LONGFORD.



The Right Hon. William Lygon Pakenham, fourth Earl of Longford, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Silchester, in that of the United Kingdom, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Longford, a General in the Army, Colonel of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and G.C.B., died, on the 19th inst., at his residence in Bruton-street. He was born Jan. 31, 1819, the second son of Thomas, second Earl of Longford, by Georgiana Emma Charlotte, his wife, daughter of the first Earl Beauchamp; was educated at Winchester, and in 1837 entered the Army, from which he retired as General in 1881. His military services in the Crimean campaign gained for him a medal with four clasps, the decoration of C.B., the Legion of Honour, the Second Class St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, and the Third Class Medjidieh. He served subsequently with distinction through the Indian Mutiny, and was made K.C.B. From 1858 to 1860 he was Adjutant-General of the Forces in India, and from 1866 to 1868 Under-Secretary of State for War. His Lordship possessed considerable estates in the counties of Westmeath and Longford, besides a very valuable property at Monkstown and Kingstown, in the neighbourhood of Dublin. He was an excellent landlord, and in every respect a worthy and popular gentleman. He succeeded to the family honours at the death of his brother, the third Earl, March 27, 1860; and married, Nov. 12, 1862, Selina, fourth daughter and coheir of George Rice Trevor, fourth Lord Dynevor, by whom he leaves two daughters, Ladies Georgiana and Katharine Pakenham, and two surviving sons, Thomas, Lord Pakenham, now fifth Earl of Longford, born Oct. 19, 1864, and Edward Michael, Coldstream Guards, born Feb. 20, 1866.

HIS HONOUR JUDGE GAMBLE.

Richard Wilson Gamble, of 51, Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin, and Killorly Hall, King's County, Judge of the County Court for the counties of Armagh and Louth, died suddenly, in the Synod Hall, Christ Church, Dublin, on the 19th inst., while in the very act of addressing the assembly. He was born in 1823, the son of Captain Andrew William Gamble (who carried the colours of the 20th Regiment at Talavera), and grandson of Mr. Nicholas Gamble, J.P., Deputy-Governor of the King's County, by Rebecca, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Andrew Armstrong, of Castle Armstrong. He was a member of the Diocesan Synods of Dublin and Meath, and a member of the General Synod from its commencement. In 1874 and 1880 he contested unsuccessfully the borough of Rochdale, and in 1876 the borough of Halifax. He married Charlotte Rebecca, daughter of Mr. Martin Keene, and leaves issue.

THE VERY REV. CANON VAVASOUR.

The Very Rev. Philip Vavasour, of St. Wilfrid's Catholic Church, Ripon, Canon of the Catholic Diocese of Leeds, died suddenly on the 15th inst., aged sixty-one. He was fifth and youngest son of the Hon. Edward Marmaduke Stourton (second son of the sixteenth Lord Stourton, by Mary, his wife, daughter and coheir of Marmaduke, Lord Langdale), who assumed in 1826 the surname and arms of Vavasour, and was created a Baronet Feb. 14, 1828.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lord Kinnaird, on the 26th inst., in his seventy-third year. His memoir will be given next week.

Sir John Mellor, formerly one of the Judges in the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 26th inst., from congestion of the lungs, aged seventy-eight.

Lord Hervey Lepel Phipps, on the 21st inst., at Pau, aged thirty-three. He was the youngest son of the second Marquis of Normanby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

Mr. Peter Henry De Blaquiére, cousin and heir presumptive of Lord De Blaquiére, recently, at Barrie, Ontario, Canada, aged thirty-seven.

Dr. Alfred Meadows, F.R.C.P., Physician-Accoucheur to St. Mary's Hospital, on the 19th inst. He was a prolific writer on the diseases of women, and gained high reputation. He had received the Commandership of the Second Class of the Swedish Order of Wasa.

Mr. William Frederick Bunbury Tighe, Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, accidentally killed by a fall from a lift at the Wellington Club, on the 19th inst., aged twenty-six. He was elder son of Colonel Bunbury Tighe, of Woodstock, county Kilkenny, by Lady Kathleen Ponsonby, his wife, daughter of the fourth Earl of Bessborough, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1846.

Mr. John H. Heraud, poet, dramatist, and critic, at the Charterhouse, on the 20th inst., in his eighty-eighth year, being attended to the last by his daughter, Miss Edith Heraud. Mr. Heraud was descended from a Huguenot family who took refuge in England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His earliest essays were on German philosophy of the School of Schelling; as a poet he produced "The Descent into Hell" and "The Judgment of the Flood," both works of lofty aim. Amongst his many acted and unacted plays may be mentioned "Wife or no Wife?" and "Videna," which attained considerable reputation. For many years he wrote the dramatic notices in this Paper. On retiring from active work in 1873 he was received into the Charterhouse. His last production, "The Sibyl among the Tombs," a poem of graceful style, was produced last year.

The Lord Mayor presided at a public meeting held on Wednesday, in the Mansion House, in aid of the fund for erecting a new home for the homeless and destitute boys of London, as a Jubilee memorial to the Queen.

St. Peter's, Eaton-square, was on Tuesday afternoon thronged with a fashionable congregation to witness the marriage of Captain Maudslay to Miss Edith Campbell, youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Campbell, of Ardpatrick. The bride was given away by her father, and Mr. Charles Maudslay attended his brother as best man. There were six bridesmaids.

Among the many excellent reciters now delighting the public Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas) is unsurpassed. A rare treat awaits the people of Cheltenham, where, we see, she is announced to read "The Merchant of Venice" and "King Lear" on the 12th and 13th prox. During her leisure from public engagements Miss Glyn teaches reading, elocution, and speaking in song, to ladies, clergymen, barristers, and singers, at her residence, 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square. She also gives private readings from Shakespeare.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The conference on "The Present and Future of Working Women," held in London this week, was originated entirely by gentlemen, though Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and several other ladies spoke at the meeting. The invitation to attend sent to me was signed "Wm. Hill," and the only other names upon the circular were those of Mr. Walter Besant and Professor Stuart. The object of the conference, though professedly eminently practical, is, I fear, very vague. "Think of the long hours, the anxious toil, the wretched pay, the uncertain employment of working women—their constant living from hand to mouth, their daily worries, their nightly thoughts—their miserable present, their darker future!" cries Mr. Hill; and he adds that his desire is "to make the nation thoroughly understand the requirements of the situation, and to move it quickly to practical action on a scale commensurate with the greatness of the evil." We are all agreed about the evils of long hours, poor pay, uncertainty of work, and inability to provide for the future; the difficulty of the discussion commences as soon as we begin to talk about the possibility of amending the state of affairs by means of either making laws or bringing one class to try by voluntary effort to revolutionise the position of another. Anyone who interferes in the discussion of social problems of such magnitude ought to have some knowledge of past experiments in legislation about labour—of attempts to fix wages by law, to distribute work amongst workers by the authority of parish officials, and so on—and ought to know not only that such experiments have failed, but also, as far as possible, why they have failed. Everybody who has competently studied the question in this manner knows only too well that neither conferences nor laws can by any possibility increase the wages and shorten the hours of labour of the hundreds of thousands of working women. Those hours and wages are regulated by causes; and the causes can only be successfully attacked from the side of the individual character, and the habits, personal and social, of the community as a whole, and in particular those of the classes concerned.

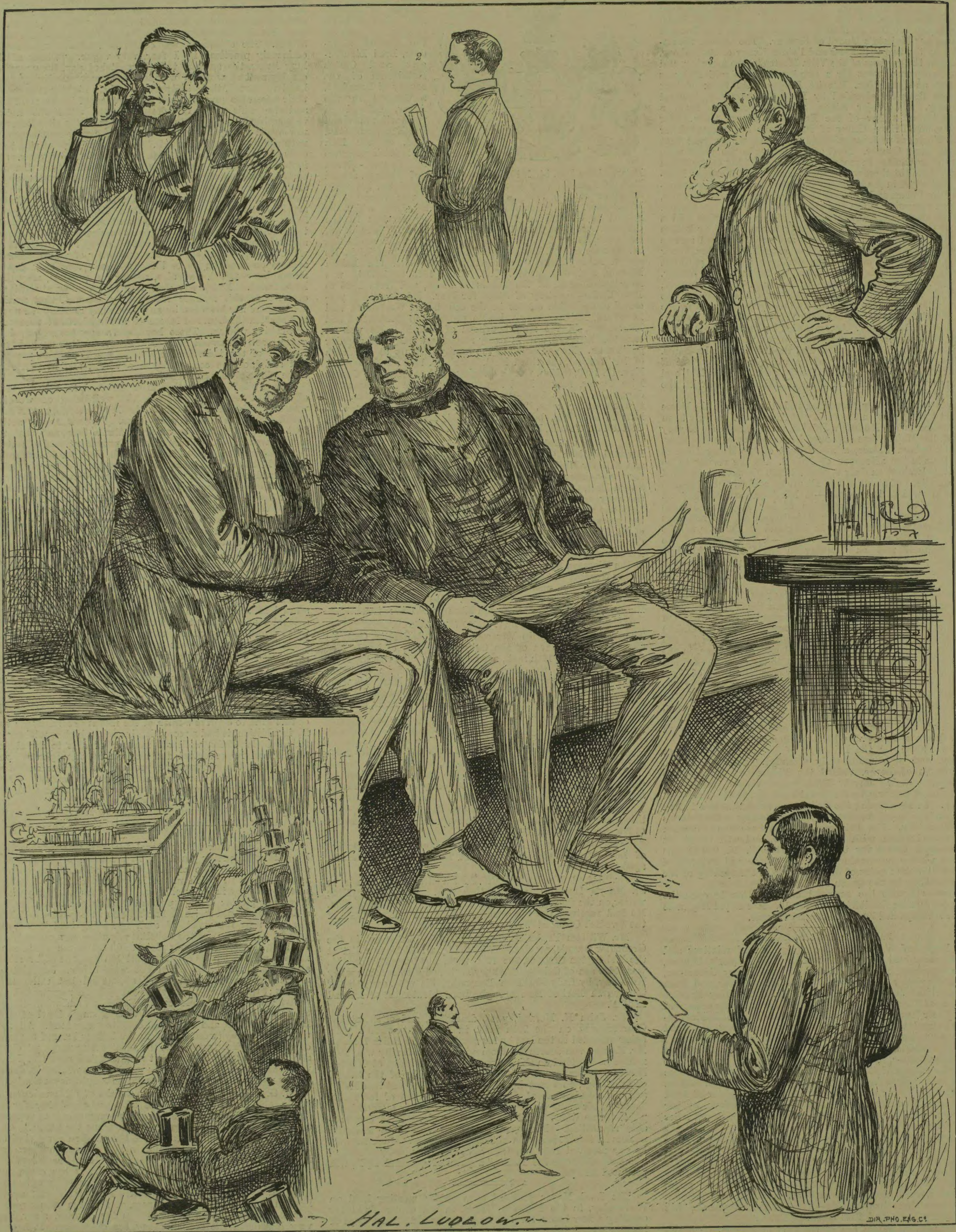
When Parliament makes laws designed to help, it more often than not really injures, the well-being of working women. Take, for an instance, the law forbidding women to eat their dinners in their work-shops. There was some notion that the rooms should be aired in dinner-time, and that the women would be made sure of their proper interval of rest by being actually obliged to leave the premises for that space of time. But the consequence is, practically, that the poor girls are turned out of their only refuge from driving storms and bitter winds, and compelled, in the midst of their labour, often to get soaked or frozen, when they would have been far better off had they stayed in their shops, even though they had then been compelled to work as they ate. Again, proposals to take away from women by force of law some of the scanty work which they now can get to do, are usually justified in argument by the assertion that the intention is benevolent; but the workers know too well that it is cruel kindness which says that their bread is to be snatched from their lips as too hard to eat, but which does not give them any better food in its place.

In this connection, it should be mentioned that at the annual Miners' Trades-Union conference last week, two of the delegates spoke against the attempt being made by that body to prohibit the work of women at the pit-mouth. The courageous speakers were severely "sat upon" by their fellows for destroying the unanimity of the council upon this subject; but, supported by public opinion, the men stood firm, and the male miners are no longer correctly said to "unanimously" desire the prohibition of female labour. If the outcome of Mr. Hill's conference should be a Working Women's Protection Committee, which should note and oppose every effort of this kind to deprive women of the means of livelihood; and if, in addition, it had a recreation branch, which would try to found Girls' Clubs, with all manner of aids to moral and intellectual improvement and amusement, it might do some good. But this programme probably is far less ambitious than the notions of the originators of the conference. Whenever anybody talks about "action commensurate with the greatness of an evil," in my experience he wants to see some Bill passed in Parliament. Getting a new law made, involving expenditure from taxation, is the cavalry charge of sentimental philanthropy.

The private view of the Royal Institute was very crowded by guests. A pretty gown was in the new greyish-blue tint called Gobelins. The material was veloutine, the mixture of wool and silk in which makes it drape admirably. The back was laid simply in long folds, and the front and sides were in broad box-pleats; filling up the spaces between each pleat was a little fan-shaped series of knife-pleats in tan-coloured cloth, the top, near the waist, of each fan being held by a pearl button. The bodice, of the Gobelins veloutine, was cut out over the bust, to show a narrow plain vest of the tan cloth, ornamented with two rows of tiny pearl buttons, the silk meeting at the waist and being again cut away below. Jet-trimmed mantles covered the bodices of almost all but tailor-made dresses; the latter, however, were largely represented. A pretty gown in this style was of heliotrope and white-striped tweed, the bodice being trimmed with a single lapel of dark heliotrope velvet, and collar and cuffs to correspond. Another was in dark grey tweed, checked with lighter lines of the same colour, the bodice fastened at the waist with a large jet clasp, and thence turning back with two graduated revers of velvet to the shoulder, showing a waistcoat of white silk, dotted with a vast number of tiny jet buttons straight down the front.

M. Gounod deserves the sincere thanks of all true lovers of music, and haters of the waste of school-girls' time, for his courageous declaration that, "except when music is to be made a profession, the less time given to the piano the better." The piano occupies, in the education of the middle-class girl of to-day, the position of the sampler in that of her grandmother: it takes up a vast amount of time, and the ultimate result is neither particularly pleasing nor useful. It has come, unfortunately, to be considered as a token of gentility to be able to strum a "piece"; and the advertisements which one sees in London local and provincial papers, of fourteen guinea pianofortes, and teachers at five shillings the quarter, show how very low down the foolish fancy has descended. It is convenient, no doubt, for a girl to be able to play a simple accompaniment to a song, or the music for an impromptu nursery dance; but this degree of skill is easily acquired, and would not lead to "showing-off" in drawing-rooms a supposed accomplishment, which has really been only imperfectly attained, after the expenditure of a great deal of time and trouble, by girls possessing no natural gifts for the art of music. The piano is surely by nature the most unsympathetic of all instruments; only the hand of real skill and taste can give it softness and sentiment. It is to be hoped that the master's few strong words will diminish the waste of time and the infliction of torture on sensitive ears that grow out of the notion that to play the piano is a sign of a "genteel" education. We are not all expected to paint in water-colours, to recite from Browning, or to perform on the banjo, under penalty of being considered half-educated; why then must we all be pianists?

F. F.-M.



1. Mr. Biggar.

2. Mr. Lawson.

3. Mr. Mundella.

4. Lord J. Manners.

5. Right Hon. W. H. Smith.

6. Mr. Dillon.

7. Lord Folkestone.

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Right Hon. William Henry Smith and Lord John Manners are hit off faithfully in the above Sketch of the Leader of the House and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster on the Treasury bench of the Commons. This pair of her Majesty's Ministers are happily coupled. Distinctly and emphatically "English, you know—quite English," in the best sense of the recently familiar catch-phrase, are the noble Lord and the right hon. gentleman in the conduct of public affairs. Brother of the Duke of Rutland, Lord

John Manners has had a long, varied, and honourable Parliamentary career, having entered the House as far back as 1841 as member for Newark (which was the first borough, by-the-way, to elect Mr. Gladstone nine years previously). The value of his Lordship's experience of Parliamentary forms and manners is, accordingly, indisputable. Perhaps the tribute to his excellence and urbanity as an administrator prized most by Lord John Manners (one of the most dashing and fluent of Conservative debaters) was the unfailing testimony willingly and frankly borne by the late Mr. Henry Fawcett—whose loss we all mourn—to the admirable way in which his

predecessor discharged the duties of Postmaster-General. Mr. W. H. Smith, for his part, has amply justified the confidence reposed in him by the Prime Minister when the noble Marquis appointed him First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House at the commencement of the Session. I ventured to predict Mr. Smith would fill the arduous post with general satisfaction. He has done so under most trying circumstances. In a period of distressingly wasteful prolixity of speech, Mr. Smith has ever been terse and to the point. He has manfully preserved his equanimity when passions have been aroused on both sides the House; and has consistently



DEER-SHOOTING ON AN AMERICAN LAKE.

supported the Speaker in maintaining dignity and in restoring order. In fine, Mr. Smith has right worthily led the House, in face of most persistent opposition, throughout the protracted discussions on the Queen's Speech and the spun-out debates on the measure for the Repression of Crime in Ireland. As a natural consequence, the right hon. gentleman commanded the sympathy of the great majority of the House on Tuesday, when, questioned as to the authenticity of certain communications alleged to have been received from him as to the necessity of proceeding quickly with the Suppression of Crime Bill, he said the letters were written by his secretaries; but seized the opportunity to rebuke and stigmatise an Irish firebrand journal which deals in treason.

With regard to the other Parliamentary personages portrayed, it may be said that Mr. Joseph Biggar has rather hidden his rhetorical light under a bushel since he coquetted rather more closely than was agreeable to him with Home Rule—in a memorable Breach of Promise case; Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P. for West St. Pancras, though one of the youngest of our legislators, is one of the most promising, and has identified himself with what may presently be a "burning question"—that of the enfranchisement of town leaseholders; Mr. Mundella, albeit a prominent figure on the front Opposition bench as a Gladstonian, has not of late been distinguished for much beyond vociferousness; Mr. John Dillon, M.P. for East Mayo, an implacable champion of impoverished Irish peasants, so palpably prides himself on the unkempt condition of his jet-black hair and beard, boldly enfaming his pallid face, that he may possibly consider the portrait-sketch as smacking too much of Truefit; and Lord Folkestone, the glass of fashion and mould of form, gracefully demonstrates the free and easy manner in which Ministers relieve themselves of their cramped positions by resting their feet on the table in the American fashion.

Seeking what Earl Spencer at Battersea designated the "cool and placid atmosphere" of the House of Lords, one finds with satisfaction that their Lordships, unspoiled by their contiguity to the Commons, maintain their reputation as practical and prompt legislators. Mr. Gladstone may well have envied them this virtue when he looked into the gilded chamber of the Peers the other day. Take, for example, the solid arguments used on the Twenty-first of April in the really admirable speeches of Earl Spencer, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Ashbourne, and Earl Cadogan on the second reading of the new Irish Land Law Bill. Nothing could have been better than the way in which Lord Spencer and Lord Carnarvon, while admitting the merits of the plan of the Government, pointed out the objections to the bankruptcy clauses; nothing could have been better than the manner in which Lord Ashbourne and Lord Cadogan promised to give due consideration to any reasonable amendment in Committee. At the next sitting, the rising of the Duke of Argyll naturally infused some of his native warmth into the continued debate; and Lord Kimberley, Lord Herschell, and Earl Granville felt called upon with equal warmth to vindicate Mr. Gladstone, and deny the justice of the charges the noble Duke brought against him; but the clear reply of Lord Salisbury made it evident that the Ministry will stand by this remedial measure as steadfastly as they will by their Bill for the restoration of the majesty of the law in Ireland. A characteristic remark of Lord Denman derogated somewhat from the dignity of the discussion, which ended in the second reading of the measure of mercy.

Lord Halsbury eminently deserved the praises bestowed upon his Lordship in the House of Lords on Monday by Lord Selborne, Lord Herschell, Lord Bramwell, and other Peers, for the courage and business-like aptitude with which he had grappled with the long-delayed question of land reform on this side St. George's Channel. The Lord Chancellor's timely Land Transfer and Registration Bill was read the second time, after some seasonable remarks from Lord Salisbury as to the expediency of maintaining settlements; and it is worthy of note that a suggestion thrown out by Lord Montagu as to the advisability of extending the operation of the measure to Ireland was instantly taken note of by Lord Ashbourne.

What Mr. Goschen modestly but not quite accurately heralded as a "humdrum Budget" has raised a hornet's nest round the ears of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Although Mr. Goschen consumed two hours and three quarters in unfolding his financial statement in the House of Commons on the Twenty-first of April, its salient points may be presented in a very few minutes. Quoting Mr. Goschen's own words, whereas "in the past year the expenditure and the revenue may be said in round numbers to have reached the figure of ninety millions," the national balance-sheet for the ensuing twelvemonth shows an estimated expenditure of £90,180,000, and a total revenue of £91,155,000, leaving a surplus of £975,000. Not satisfied with this sum in hand, Mr. Goschen, to the amazement of past Chancellors of the Exchequer, proposed to add materially to this bonus by reducing the charge for the payment of the National Debt from £28,000,000 to £26,000,000. Another considerable proposition was to substitute a new local stock of £37,000,000 for that portion of the National Debt employed in local loans. But the novelties of the Budget were summed up in one pregnant passage towards the close of Mr. Goschen's exhaustive and exhausting exposition:—

I have a surplus of £975,000. The debt-charge is reduced by £1,704,000. There is a gain of £100,000 by stamp duties. That gives a total of £2,779,000. I propose to take £600,000 off the tobacco duties; a penny from the income tax, equal to £1,560,000; then there are grants of £280,000 in aid of local taxation in England and Wales, and £50,000 for arterial drainage in Ireland. That makes a total of £2,490,000, which, taken from £2,779,000, leaves a balance of £289,000, or, in round numbers, £300,000.

Now, though no less than four former Chancellors of the Exchequer in the persons of that modern Babbage, Sir William Harcourt, that preternaturally precocious financial genius, Lord Randolph Churchill, that model Chairman of Directors, Mr. Childers, and the veteran purse-holder, Mr. Gladstone himself, quickly fell foul of Mr. Goschen for daring to tamper with the sum set aside for the lessening of the National Debt, the right hon. gentleman has gallantly stood to his guns, and given broadside for broadside. True, Mr. Goschen might have taken the penny off the eightpenny Income Tax in the simpler fashion recommended by Lord Randolph Churchill. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave good reasons for the alterations foreshadowed; and he may, at least, be thanked, in these times of general depression, for lightening, however little, the burden of taxation.

The old, old story was resumed by the Commons on Tuesday. But the Government and the Liberal Unionists set the example of reticence when Mr. Balfour had replied to Mr. Robert Reid's amendment to the motion for going into committee on the Irish Crime Repression Bill:—

That this House declines to proceed further with a measure for strengthening the criminal law against combinations of tenants until it has before it the full measure for their relief against excessive rents, in the shape in which it may pass the other House of Parliament.

The Mayoress of Norwich (Mrs. H. Bullard) has received £223 3s. 10d., collected in the several parishes of that city, towards the Women's Jubilee Offering to the Queen.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

As stated last week, the production of "Leila"—an Italian adaptation of the late Georges Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles"—was postponed from the Tuesday to the Friday evening.

This work was first brought out at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique in 1863, when its composer was but some five-and-twenty years old, and when the great success obtained by his "Carmen" (at Paris in 1875) could hardly have been foretold. This result was soon afterwards followed by the untimely death of the composer in the plenitude of his powers. The great popularity of "Carmen" in this country—both in the Italian and English versions—is known to all.

"Leila," the opera now specially referred to—which was given for the first time in this country last week—is in three acts and four tableaux, the original text being by MM. Cormon and Michel Carré. The plot is of a romantic kind. Leila, an Indian vestal, is placed on a rock overlooking the cliffs, charged with the mission of imploring the protection of the beneficent divinities for the pearl-fishers while engaged in their perilous occupation. Closely veiled, she is not permitted to approach any mortal under pain of death. Leila, however, previously had attracted the admiration of Nadir and Zurga, two sworn friends. She, believing herself unperceived, casts aside her veil and sings. Nadir then presents himself and declares his love, which is reciprocated by her. They are surprised, and condemned to die. Zurga, chief of the tribe, is prompted to save his friend, but jealousy is the more powerful feeling. Leila implores his intervention—ineffectually, however, and the two lovers are on the point of being dragged to execution when Zurga sees a necklet of pearls which he had bestowed, long ago, on Leila in gratitude for her having, in some way, preserved his life. This determines him, and he sets fire to the surrounding forest, he perishing on the pyre which had been lighted for the destruction of the two lovers, who escape in the confusion. The plot is but slight, but it affords several situations for good dramatic and musical effects.

The opera is preceded by a short orchestral introduction of pleasing and calm character, leading to a bright introductory chorus of fishermen and others, interspersed with ballet action, and followed by solo passages for Nadir and Zurga, which are succeeded by a very effective duet for these characters, who meet after long separation. Noticeable in the first act also are Leila's soliloquy when about to assume her position on the rock, Zurga's address to her, the fine choral invocation to Brahma, Nadir's plaintive solo in recognition of the voice of Leila, and the duet for her and him—all very effective pieces. The second act opens with some characteristic music, in which the Oriental style is indicated (the action of the opera takes place in Ceylon). Leila's solo, in contemplation of night and solitude, has much placid and graceful charm, and is followed by a beautiful love-duet for her and Nadir, in which contending emotions are well expressed. The following concerted music, for chorus and soloists, is full of good contrasts, the finale being wrought up to a highly dramatic climax, closing most effectively with the impressive hymn to Brahma. This scene is, perhaps, in a musical sense, the most powerful portion of the opera. The third act begins with Zurga's conflict between love, jealousy, and friendship, which emotions are expressed in some forcible declamatory passages, the duet which follows, for him and Leila, being an excellent piece of dramatic music. Very touching is her appeal for mercy on behalf of Nadir, contrasted with Zurga's vengeful denunciations. The second portion of the third act opens with some quaint music accompanying wild orgies of Indians, followed by solemn choral strains associated with the approach of the condemned lovers to the funeral pile. The remaining music includes a very tuneful, but not original, trio for the three characters already named, in which the rescued lovers express their joy; the closing portion of the scene wanting in strength of musical climax, and falling far short in this respect of the finale to the second act.

Although "Leila" cannot, of course, be compared to "Carmen" in point of individuality of style and constructive power, it yet contains much that is interesting, with several foreshadowings of the greater work. Notwithstanding many authoritative denials, there are evident signs of some influence of the modern German romantic school in Bizet's early opera, in the occasional indefiniteness of his melodic phrases. The orchestral writing is very skilful, and replete with varied interest. Its performance last week was excellent throughout. It would scarcely be possible to overpraise the principals; Mlle. Fohstrom, Signor Garulli, and M. Lhérie, who, respectively, as Leila, Nadir, and Zurga, acted and sang finely throughout, the impression made by each having been especially great. Signor Garulli had before appeared in the opera at La Scala, Milan. An apology was made for him on account of indisposition, of which, however, his performance showed little, if any, trace. The subordinate character of Nurabad was efficiently sustained by Signor Miranda.

The orchestral and choral details were adequately rendered, Signor Logheder conducted ably, and the opera has been well mounted as to scenic effects and costumes. Mr. Mapleson deserves great credit for producing a work which has much intrinsic interest, apart from that of its being by the composer of the world-renowned "Carmen."

On Monday evening Mlle. Cornélie Meysenheim made her first appearance, as Rosina, in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." The lady, who comes from the Munich Opera, was well received, especially in the cavatina "Una Voce," and the introduced air in the lesson scene ("Bel raggio"). She has a soprano voice of considerable power, but wanting, especially in its upper range, in the flexibility requisite for florid Italian music. Signor Padilla was an energetic Figaro, and Signor Ciampi a comic Dr. Bartolo. Signor De Vasehetti gave Basilio's air, "La Calunnia," with great success; the representative of Count Almaviva having been ill suited to his position. Mlle. Bauermeister was thoroughly efficient as Berta. Signor Li Calsi conducted.

During last week Madame Nevada repeated her charming performance as Amina in "La Sonnambula," as did Madame Minnie Hauk her fine rendering of the title-character of "Carmen"; Signor De Anna having sustained, with great effect, the part of the Toreador. "Leila" was repeated on Tuesday evening; and was again finely performed and favourably received.

The next specialty at this establishment is the revival of the Italian version of Gounod's "Mireille," which was produced by Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1864. It was promised (at the time of our writing) for yesterday (Friday) evening.

The Philharmonic Society's concert of last week—the third of the seventy-fifth season—included a novelty, a concerto for the piano-pédalier, composed by Gounod. Pedals have long since been applied to the lower notes of the pianoforte, and earlier to the harpsichord, thus giving the performer an advantage similar to that of a third hand, such as that offered by organs of all but the most limited dimensions. The late Robert Schumann wrote two sets of charming pieces—

"Studies" and "Sketches"—besides six fugues, for the pedal-pianoforte; and now we have a new instance of its use in the concerto, or "suite," by the living French composer. This piece, which is written with orchestral accompaniments consists of four movements, in none of which is there any sign of the genius of the composer of "Faust" and other charming works. The concerto is feeble in design and treatment, the passage-writing for the solo instrument is commonplace and uninteresting, and the pedals are used but seldom and little. The solo portions were very well executed by Madame Palicot, who, however, was heard to far more advantage in her subsequent rendering of Bach's organ "Toccata" in F. Fine orchestral performances of Max Bruch's prelude to "Loreley," Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," and Mendelssohn's overture "The Isles of Fingal," completed the instrumental programme; the vocal music having consisted of a duet from Mr. Stanford's opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," rewritten by the composer, and somewhat over-elaborated; Beethoven's aria, "Ah! perfido," for soprano, and the tenor scena, "Where sets the sun," from Dr. Mackenzie's cantata "The Story of Sayid." The last was very finely declaimed by Mr. B. McGuckin, the other vocalist of the evening having been Mdlle. De Lido. A warm greeting was given to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who conducted the concert, with the exception of the vocal duet—directed by the composer.

The conclusion of the thirty-first series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, on April 16, was followed last Saturday by the usual supplementary concert for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor. The programme was selected in accordance with a plébiscite, which resulted in the choice of Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Liszt's Hungarian fantasia for pianoforte with orchestra, Handel's "Largo" (in G), as arranged for organ, harp, violin, and stringed orchestra, and Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser"—as the instrumental selection.

Of the second of the new series of concerts by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, at St. James's Hall, we must speak next week.

This (Saturday) evening the Carl Rosa Company begins a new season of performances of operas in English; again at Drury-Lane Theatre, as during several past years. The work chosen for the opening night is "Carmen." The production of Mr. F. Corder's new opera, "Nordisa," is fixed for next Wednesday evening.

Mr. W. Carter's "Jubilee Festival Concert" at the Royal Albert Hall, last Saturday evening, was a musical celebration of St. George's Day. The programme—of a mixed and popular character—included effective vocal performances by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and others; Mr. Carter's well-trained choir having also contributed to the performances, which included his Jubilee ode, "Victoria," with Mr. Reeves as soloist.

"The Bride of Messina," an opera by Herr Bonawitz, was given, in a concert performance (conducted by himself), at the Portman Rooms last Saturday afternoon. The libretto is founded on Schiller's play, and the music is in the style of the modern German romantic school. It would, no doubt, gain greatly in effect if heard in association with the intended stage action.

Those esteemed vocalists Misses L. Lehmann and L. Little gave an evening concert at Prince's Hall on Tuesday.—The London Musical Society gave a concert in the evening at St. James's Hall.—Mr. Ernest Kiver's third annual concert of chamber music was given on Wednesday evening in Prince's Hall. Mr. J. Robertson gave his morning concert—at the Lyric Club, New Bond-street—on Thursday afternoon.—Madame Emily Tate gave a concert at Brixton Hall in the evening on behalf of the British Home for Incurables. She was well supported by artists of repute, and by the St. George's Glee Union. Count Loredan's first pianoforte recital was announced to take place yesterday (Friday afternoon)—those of Herr Kwast and Mr. E. Steger occurring this Saturday afternoon. Miss Alice Roselli announces a concert with a good programme for Thursday evening next, May 5, in the Portman Rooms.

The Lord Mayor has received £50 from the Mayor of Wellington, New Zealand, to be divided among the societies in London supplying penny or free dinners to the poorest class of children attending the Board schools. The money was contributed principally by school-children in the colony.

The Duke of Bedford has presented the Bedford Volunteer Fire Brigade with a Merryweather steam fire-engine, of their Greenwich type, costing, together with hose and gear, over 1000 guineas. The engine will be present at the demonstration of fire brigades at Oxford on Whit Monday.

At Newmarket, on Tuesday, the Prince of Wales's Plate was carried off by Mr. D. Baird's St. Michael, the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Plate by General O. Williams's The Lizard, and a Maiden Plate by Lord Hastings's Pain-bis.—On Wednesday the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes was won by Mr. D. Baird's Enterprise; Mr. H. T. Ferwick's Phil being second, and Mr. C. Perkins's Elgamore third.

The sale of the second portion of the fine collection of engravings and etchings belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch was begun on Tuesday by Messrs. Christie, and was continued every day to Friday, inclusive. The collection is one of such repute that all the dealers of the Continent and some from America were attracted to the sale on the opening day, and the room was full of amateurs. The four days' sale of this second portion realised £19,756, making, with the sale of the first portion, £32,863.

The Duke of Portland presided last Saturday night over a remarkably successful smoking concert given by the Honourable Artillery Company, of which his Grace is Lieutenant-Colonel, in the brilliantly decorated Armoury House of this ancient "Trained Band" in Finsbury. Not only are the members of the Honourable Artillery Corps skilled gunners, good horsemen, and sure shots (is not sharpshooter Rosenthal one of them?), but the invaluable quality of *esprit de corps* is likewise evidently assiduously cultivated by officers and men at their hospitable head-quarters. The concert was admirably diversified.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER

WILL BE ISSUED EARLY IN MAY.

It contains a Tale of thrilling interest, entitled, "To Call Her Mine," written expressly for this Summer Number by Mr. Walter Besant, profusely illustrated by Messrs. A. Forestier and G. Montbard.

Two Coloured Pictures, "Butterflies," by J. M. Bowkett, and "Honeysuckles," by B. Anderson, are presented Gratis.

This Holiday Number, consisting of Two Sheets and a Half and Two Coloured Pictures, is included in a Handsome Wrapper. Price One Shilling. By Inland Parcel Post, Threepence extra.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1884) of the Baroness Betty De Rothschild (widow of the late Baron James Mayer De Rothschild), late of No. 19, Rue Lafitte, Paris, who died on Sept. 1 last, was proved in London on the 19th inst. by Baron Gustave Samuel James De Rothschild and Baron Edmond James De Rothschild, two of the sons, and two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £377,000. The testatrix states that she received from her father the Island of Puteaux, the park at Suresnes, and some houses in Paris, and she appoints her three sons, Alphonse, Gustave, and Edmond, and her granddaughter, Hélène, the daughter of her late son, Baron Salomon De Rothschild, preferential legatees in respect of the said real estate; and as an indemnity to her daughter, Baroness Nathaniel De Rothschild, gives her 110,000*fr.* The furniture and other articles placed by her in the Château de Ferrières she leaves to her son Alphonse; and gives 200,000*fr.* as an indemnity to each of her other sons, Gustave and Edmond. The Villa de Rothschild, at Cannes, with all the furniture, bronzes, pictures, and objects of art of every description she also leaves to her son Alphonse; and gives as an indemnity to her said daughter, to whom she would have liked to have left some souvenir of her happiness at Cannes, 1,000,000*fr.* She bequeaths 600,000*fr.* to her daughter-in-law, Baroness Salomon De Rothschild; 200,000*fr.* to her grand-daughter, Baroness James Edouard De Rothschild; 7,500,000*fr.* to equalise the portions of her grandchildren, the children of her son Gustave, in the event of their being her heirs—viz., 2,000,000*fr.* each to Lucie, Aline, and Juliette; and 1,500,000*fr.* to Robert; and a temporary annuity of 30,000*fr.* to keep up the Parc de Boulogne while uninhabited. As to the remainder of the one fourth of her property she has power by law to dispose of, she gives and bequeaths the same to her three sons, Alphonse, Gustave, and Edmond, and her daughter, the said Baroness Nathaniel De Rothschild. The testatrix has given separate instructions as to legacies and charitable bequests.

The will (dated June 20, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 21 following), of Paul Athanase Fouché, Duc D'Otrante, late of No. 9, Avenue Gambetta, St. Germain-en-Laye, Paris, who died on Feb. 10 last, was proved in London on the 7th inst. by Louis Legrand, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator leaves to his wife Fronika Marx, a life annuity, untransferable and unseizable, of 10,000*fr.*, and his residence, No. 9, Avenue Gambetta, with the furniture and effects in full ownership. There are some specific bequests to his sons, Gustave Armand and Paul Joseph, of portraits, papers, &c.; and annuities to Frédéric Gonidec, and testator's nephew, Eugène Du Camp.

The will (dated June 29, 1886), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15 following), of Mr. John Snook, late of Belmont Castle, Bedhampton, Hants, who died on Feb. 1 last, was proved on the 18th inst. by the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., P.C., Charles Lincoln Lunn, and William Francis Fladgate, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £134,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to Sir Charles Dilke and Mrs. Ann Lunn; £5000 to the said Charles Lincoln Lunn; £3000 to Florence Marian Lacey; £2000 each to his cousins, Grosvenor Woods, Mrs. Florence Wakefield, and Lydia Woods; £1800 New South Wales Stock, upon trust, for Emma Dilke, for life; £1000 to his executor Mr. Fladgate; and legacies to servants and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personalty he leaves, upon trust, for the said Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1887) of Sir William Patrick Andrew, C.I.E., late of No. 29, Bryanston-square, who died on the 11th ult., was proved on the 23rd inst. by Captain Henry Patrick Andrew, and William Raeburn St. Clair Andrew, the sons, and John Henry Norman, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £102,000. The testator gives £1500 per annum for life, and his horses and carriages, to his wife, Lady Anne Andrew; £200 each to his executors, Mr. J. H. Norman and Mr. Hasketh Smith; an annuity of £200 to Mrs. Amy Andrew, for life or for ten years, whichever shall be the shorter period; an annuity of £200 to Miss Jesse McNeil, daughter of Sir John McNeil; an annuity of £100 to Mrs. Lillie Andrew; and legacies to servants. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said two sons, Henry Patrick and William Raeburn St. Clair, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 8, 1885), with four codicils (dated Nov. 17, 1885, and Feb. 19, June 17, and Sept. 7, 1886), of Mr. Percy William Doyle, C.B., late of No. 5, Halfmoon-street, who died on Feb. 21 last, was proved on the 16th inst. by the Right Hon. Colonel John Sidney North, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths his malacca cane with engraved gold head and four horn drinking-cups with gold Augsburg mounts to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; a tortoise-shell casket mounted in silver, formerly the property of Queen Isabella of Spain, and two gold twisted bracelets to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales; a gold cigarette-case engraved with his crest to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge; a picture of "St. Cecilia," by Prud'hon, to Count Gleichen; two cloisonné enamel vases, and a miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in a black hat, to Countess Gleichen; all the presents given to him by the Prince and Princess of Wales (except the cigarette-case) to his said brother; and numerous specific and pecuniary bequests to relatives and others, Mrs. Annie Buckman being principally interested. He appoints his said brother, John Sidney North, residuary legatee, to have the usufruct for life, and then to leave the residue, as he thinks best, to his (testator's) grand-nephew Roger and his three sisters.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1879) of Mr. Benjamin Lancaster, late of Sunnyside, Bournemouth, who died on the 13th ult., was proved on the 15th inst., by Miss Nona Maria Stevenson Bellairs, the Rev. Charles Bellairs, and William Ford, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £135,000. The testator bequeaths £30,000 to St. Peter's Home and Sisterhood, at Kilburn, founded by his late wife and himself; £1000 each to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner, and the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; and £500 each to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates in Populous Places, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Clewer House of Mercy, All Saints' Home, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, the Middlesex Hospital, King's College Hospital, the Consumption Hospital (Brompton), the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), and the Nurses' Home, Norfolk-street, Strand. He also gives £14,500 each to his nieces, Harriet Davie Lancaster and Mary Anne Smith; £15,000 and his residence, Sunnyside, with the furniture and effects, to his sister-in-law Nona Maria Stevenson Bellairs; £10,000 to his brother-in-law the Rev. Charles Bellairs; £7500 and a house at Bournemouth to his sister-in-law Mrs. Laura Parker Price; £5000 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Frances Lake Brown; and there are other considerable legacies to relatives, and also to

servants and others. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one third to such charities as his executors may decide, and the other two thirds between the said Nona Maria Stevenson Bellairs, Laura Parker Price, and the Rev. Charles Bellairs as tenants in common.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1883) of Mr. Robert Heath, late of Putney, who died on Feb. 28 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Evan Hare and Henry Miller Rowe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £71,000. The testator leaves all his furniture, effects, horses and carriages, all his real estate in the county of Surrey (except Putney Park and Avenue), at Commercial-road East, at Dagenham, Essex, and in the City of London, to his daughter Mrs. Bathsheba Barker; Putney Park and Avenue, all his real estate at Fulham, Brentford, Isleworth, and Turnham-green, and the residue of his real estate, to his daughter Mrs. Maria Rowe; and as the property left to her is not of so large a value as that left to her sister Mrs. Barker, he leaves her £5000 to equalise it; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Letitia Bowman, for life; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his daughters Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Rowe, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 14, 1884) of Mr. Joseph Donnell, late of The Mount, Tarvin Sands, near Chester, who died on Jan. 10 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Mrs. Ann Donnell, the widow, and George Edwards, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £57,000. The testator gives £200 to his wife, and £600 per annum and his residence to her for life; £500 to his executor, Mr. Edwards; and there are some specific bequests. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons (except Joseph and Tudor Verner, to whom he has given property in his lifetime), his six daughters, and his grandson, the son of his late daughter, Matilda Harrison.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1880) of Miss Caroline Beck, late of No. 24, Connaught-square, who died on Feb. 23 last, was proved on the 31st ult. by Henry Atthill Beck, the brother, and Miss Charlotte Beck, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix, after bequeathing numerous legacies to relatives and friends, leaves the residue of her real and personal estate to her brother, Henry Atthill Beck, and her sisters, Charlotte Beck and Harriet Hodge, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1873), with a codicil (dated Feb. 27, 1887), of Mr. Moses Lea, formerly of the Stock Exchange, and of No. 27, Clarendon-gardens, Maida Vale, but late of No. 58, Marylands-road, St. Peter's Park, who died on Feb. 27 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Octavius Phillips and Arthur Wagg, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the London Hospital, Whitechapel; £500 each to the Society for the Relief of the Jewish Indigent Blind; the Jews' Orphan Asylum, Tenter-ground, Goodman's-fields; the Jews' Hospital, Lower Norwood; the Royal Ophthalmic Infirmary, Moorfields; the Hospital for Incurables, Putney; the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, Redhill; and the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his property is to be divided between the London Hospital, Whitechapel, and the Jews' Orphan Asylum, Tenter-ground.

SPORT ON AN AMERICAN LAKE.

The more sequestered parts of the inland region of New York State, north and east of the Hudson river, where the Adirondack mountains rise to a height of 5000 ft., are wild and picturesque in scenery, with large tracts of primitive forest, and with numerous beautiful lakes. In some places of that region deer and other "big game" are yet to be found; and the hunter is well repaid by the sport that often awaits him for the toil and trouble of getting there. A sportsman writes to us as follows—"Long before daybreak one of your guides has started, with the hounds, into the thick tangle of the woods. Your breakfast having been dispatched, you enter your boat, and lying in some sheltered cove, await with more or less patience the music of the dogs' voices, announcing that the 'drive' has commenced. The deer, started from the solitude of his customary haunts, flies in terror towards the water; and while you listen to the baying of the hounds, as they drive the animal nearer and nearer to the lake, you must keep a sharp look-out, for you cannot tell at what point the deer may emerge from the thick undergrowth, which descends to the water's edge. Perhaps your patience may be rewarded by the sudden appearance of a fine buck, which crashes through the bushes, and issues from the covert, then bounds into the water and swims toward the opposite shore. Your boat, guided by a skilful oarsman, pursues the deer, and a short race follows, which is highly exciting, till you get within sure range; but the moment for shooting must be well chosen, and you must keep your hand steady and your eye alert; for, as soon as he can find a foothold on the shelving bottom, the deer will rush through the shallows, and will disappear again in the mazes of the forest, unless your well-directed bullet stops him short in his career. But it is not only in the shooting that the sportsman finds enjoyment on the northern lakes. The waters teem with fish, waiting to be caught. Take a quiet paddle in the early morning, or late evening, on the placid surface of the water, with some friend to gently pull your boat along, and, casting your line astern, let your 'spoon' or baited hook troll gently a foot or two below the surface. Then, if you hook a two-pounder or three-pounder black bass—which you may in most of these lakes—you will find that all the skill you possess is required to land him." There are, however, many other ways of fishing for black bass, which were described in an article in the *Century* magazine, in July, 1883. Our illustration of deer-shooting, referred to in the above note, and the scene of bass-fishing on the lake, which was published some time ago, were drawn from sketches by Mr. Rufus F. Logbaum, of New Rochelle.

A show of sporting dogs, held in connection with the Sportsman's Exhibition at Olympia, Kensington, has been held this week.

In London 2879 births and 1529 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 97, while the deaths were 244 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last 10 years.

Messrs. Cassell and Company have, by kind permission of the author, been enabled to publish the much-admired copy-right volume of poems entitled "The Angel in the House," by Coventry Patmore, as Volume Seventy of Cassell's admirably varied National Library.

At the invitation of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and to meet the Princess Louise, who is president of the society, a meeting was held on Tuesday at the Mansion House in support of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, which "aims at drawing into night classes for pleasant and practical instruction the 80,000 boys and girls who annually leave the elementary schools of London, and seeks to establish such classes in the towns and villages of the United Kingdom."

HOMBURG, GERMANY.

Half an hour's journey by rail from Frankfort-on-the-Main, finely situated on elevated ground six hundred feet above the sea level, at the foot of the Taunus range of mountains, Homburg is one of the most delightful of German watering-places. Its bracing mountain air, even in the hottest weather, is constantly refreshing; and its neighbourhood presents the attractions of woodland and mountain scenery. The pure and limpid drinking-water, and the perfect system of drainage, combine to make Homburg also one of the most healthy places for residents and visitors. It has, for many years past, been a favourite resort of the English, as well for recreation and amusement, as for sanitary treatment.

The mineral springs or *Brunnen* of Homburg are five—namely, the Elizabeth, the Kaiser, the Ludwig, the Louise, and the Stahl brunnen, which have cured or relieved thousands of afflicted persons. They have very beneficial effects upon those suffering from diseases of the abdomen and liver, or from attacks of gout. The air of Homburg is especially beneficial in all the distressing symptoms of nervous debility. The mineral-baths, the pine-baths, and the mud-baths, are highly recommended for rheumatism and gout. Inhalations from vaporised salt-water are administered for affections of the throat and lungs. The water of the springs has had surprising results in the cure of jaundice, and of chronic diseases of the glands, of the liver, and of the intestinal canal. Many sufferers from gout have been relieved or perfectly cured by their use. These waters are sent to all parts of the world, on application to the Administration of the Kurhaus. Mineral and soft water baths are given in the Badehaus, close to the Kurhaus, where baths of saline water, pine extract, sulphate of potassium, and other specialties are prepared according to the medical prescription. Excellent mud-baths may be had in the Park Bath. Whey, prepared from goats' milk, may be obtained at the Swiss Châlet, or Molkenhaus, near the Elizabeth-spring. A hydropathic establishment offers medico-gymnastic, electro-therapeutic, and pneumatic treatment.

The Kurhaus is one of the finest in Europe: it is a large and handsome edifice, containing a theatre; richly-decorated saloons for balls and concerts; conversation-rooms and reading-rooms, with a large number of journals in different languages; a billiard-room and a dining-room, with an excellent restaurant. Close to the theatre is the Saalburg Museum, which contains a rich collection of very interesting Roman remains, found in the vicinity of Homburg. A covered gallery, well warmed during the winter months, runs along the front of the Kurhaus. Two terraces, from which there is a magnificent view of the wooded mountains, lead to the Kurgarten and to the vast park, with shady walks, where beautiful illuminations, fireworks, fêtes champêtres, and children's fêtes are given every week. The orchestra of the Kurhaus plays three times a day: at 7 a.m., at the wells; and at 3.15 and 7.30 p.m., in the Kurgarten. A variety of entertainments are continually offered to the visitors: balls on Monday and Thursday; promenade concerts in the afternoon on Tuesday; military concerts, illuminations, and fireworks on Friday; and the opera on Saturday. Besides, there are cricket, croquet, lawn-tennis, shooting, and fishing. The lawn-tennis ground, surrounded by large groups of trees, with shady seats for the spectators, is the largest on the Continent, comprising twenty-four courts, accommodating more than two hundred players at once. There is a lawn-tennis club, managed by a very active director, who takes pains to satisfy all wishes of the members; and tournaments of ladies and gentlemen, with prizes given by the club, are often arranged. The ground on these occasions is decorated with flags, and a military band plays, whilst skilful champions do their best to maintain their reputation.

In the evening, at seven or eight o'clock, visitors meet in the Kurgarten, before the music-kiosk, to listen to the orchestra: or on the terrace, to dine at the renowned Kurhaus restaurant, kept by Mr. Häring, the successor of Chevet. After the music, many young people assemble, twice or three times a week, in the brightly lighted Golden Saloon, for the "réunions dansantes," or in the splendid first-floor ball-rooms, for private and subscription balls. On other days of the week, entertainments or fêtes are given by the Administration of the Kurhaus.

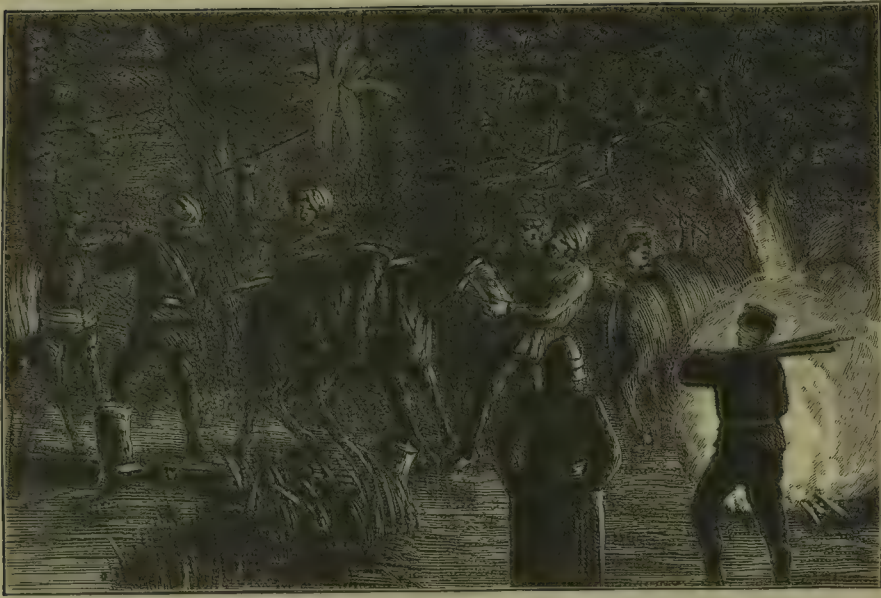
Homburg has a fine English church, with Sunday services, and communion after the morning service. There is Presbyterian service at the Protestant church in the Schloss; and Roman Catholic service at the church in the Dorotheen-strasse, with high mass on Sunday. There is also a Jewish service at the synagogue.

The numerous hotels and pensions at Homburg are first-rate, and can vie with any on the Continent. Among them we name the Royal Victoria Hotel, observing that three villas, with fine views on the Taunus mountains, are attached to this hotel, which is patronised by the Royal Court of England; the Hôtel de Russie, commanding a fine view, close to the springs and near the Kurhaus, with the Villa Augusta, in the extensive park of the hotel; Ritter's Park Hotel, with a fine covered terrace; the Hôtel Bellevue, in front of the Kurgarten; Riechelmann's Private Hotel, in the Kisseleff-strasse; and the Hôtel Windsor, and the Hôtel de l'Europe, close to the Kurhaus. Many comfortable lodgings can also be had at very reasonable rates.

The neighbourhood affords many beautiful shady walks, and excursions to the woods and mountains. The best time for the enjoyment of the charming environs of Homburg is the spring, when all the meadows and fields around are covered with blossoms, and the air is filled with the perfume of the flowering trees. Persons who prefer to live quietly, and to enjoy nature more than society, should visit Homburg at the end of May, or in June, for it is then one of the most delightful places in Europe.

A reading was recently given by Dr. Phené, F.S.A., Fellow of the Icelandic Society, on the subject of art in Scandinavia, at the Galleries of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Conduit-street, Regent-street. The lecture embraced a wide area of subjects touching on every point having any national bearing. Arts of every kind, whether of the camp, the home, worship, custom, the expeditions of the Vikings, commerce, literature, and all the fine arts were examined with their relativestanding and bearing as connected with Scandinavians.

The first report of the Royal Commission on Irish Resources deals with the question of arterial drainage. On this subject the Commissioners recommend generally the placing of the catchment area of every important river in Ireland under a separate conservancy board. Specifically they urge the immediate carrying out of improvement works, with a view to the prevention of floods in the Shannon, the Barrow, and the Bann; and they recommend that the Government should give monetary help in these cases, to the extent of £100,000 in the first, £75,000 in the second, and £20,000 in the last. The Commissioners add that the basin of the Upper Barrow suffers more from floods than any other part of Ireland, and they estimate that the value of the benefit to be obtained through improvements from the lands which are now flooded by that river alone is £9800 per annum.



BAGGAGE MULES CROSSING A STREAM BY NIGHT.



THE LAKE AT PWAYHLA, 4500 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.



MEHTEHLA, A MILITARY POST BETWEEN MYINGYAN AND HLINEDET.



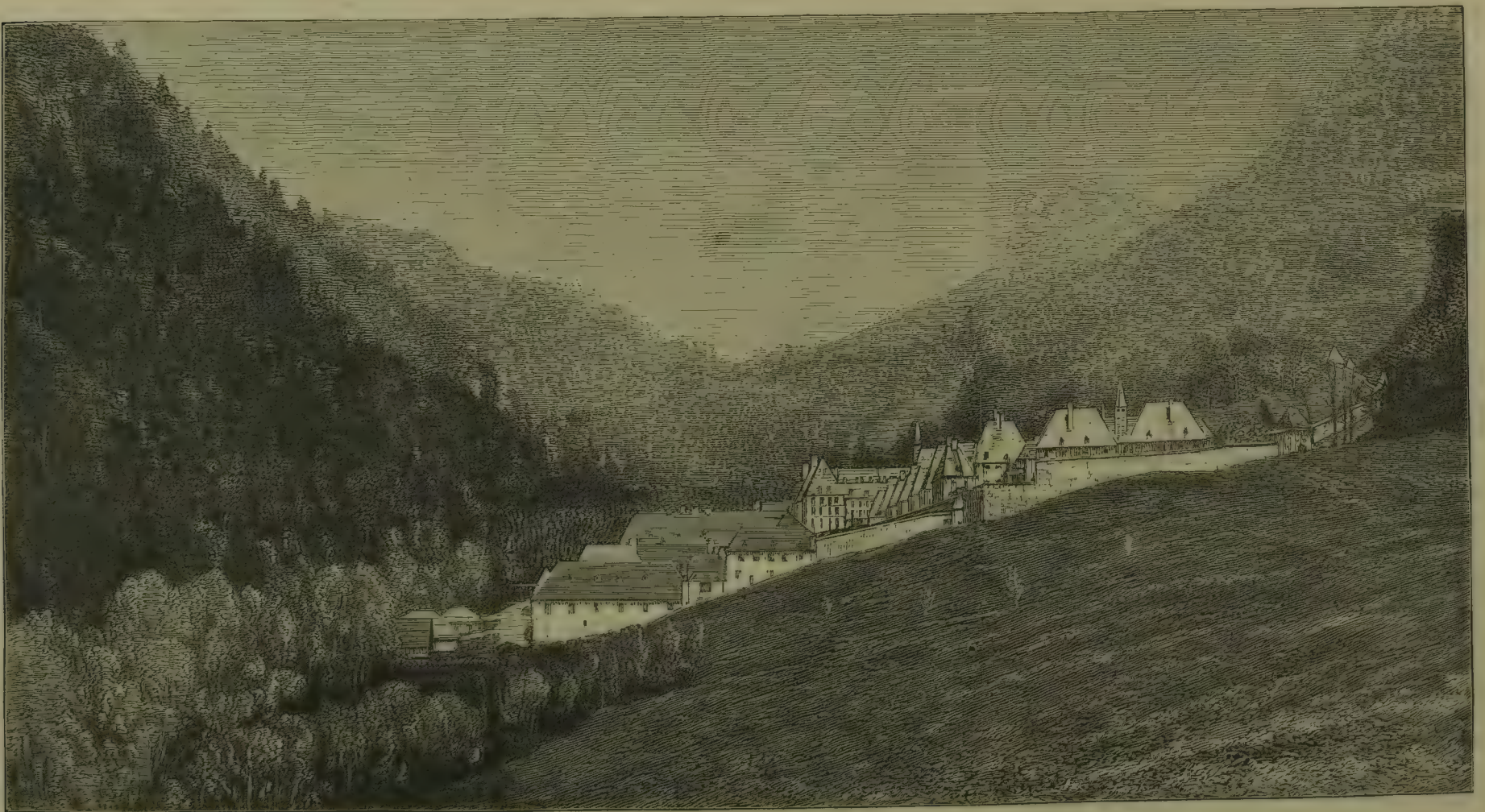
THE TSAWBWA'S PALACE AT NYOUNGWÉ.

THE SHAN EXPEDITION IN EASTERN BURMAH.—SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN C. PULLEY, 3RD GHOORKAS.

Our last published Sketch by Captain C. Pulley, of the 3rd Ghorkas, with the column of British and Indian troops sent to restore order among the Shan hill tribes east of the Sittang river, showed the fight at Nankon, a short distance from Nyongwé, in aid of the local native chief, styled the Tsawbwa, who had been attacked by the rebel chieftain of a neighbouring district. A view of the Enlay Lake, which lies at the foot of the Pong-long mountain range, with Nyongwé at its northern extremity, was also presented to our readers. In the mountain region above, sixteen miles

from Nyongwé, at an elevation of 4500 ft. above the sea-level, is the beautiful small lake of Pwayhla, where the troops encamped on Jan. 29. The climate there is healthy, and pleasant, though cold at night; but the inhabitants are, says Captain Pulley, "quite the filthiest and ugliest specimens of humanity I have come across"; they did not, however, attempt to resist the occupation of the place by the British force. It was necessary to halt there a few days, for the bringing up of commissariat stores; in doing which the baggage-mules had to make their way through thick jungle,

often at night, guided by the bonfires which the Ghorkas lighted, and crossing streams by the aid of temporary bridges hastily constructed of materials cut in the forest. Another Sketch represents the Tsawbwa's palace at Nyongwé, with the ruins of a pagoda. The military post at Mehtehla, on the road from Myingyan, on the Irrawaddy, to Hlinedet and Yemethen and the Sittang Valley, is where the Kemendine Prince was captured last year. The heads of three of his followers were brought in here, a day or two before the column of the Shan Expedition passed through.



MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, LATELY VISITED BY THE QUEEN.



VIEW OF HOMBURG.



THE LAWN-TENNIS GROUND.



THE KURHAUS, CASINO, TERRACE, AND GARDEN.
THE GERMAN WATERING-PLACES: HOMBURG.

THE QUEEN AT LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, on Saturday last, took advantage of the opportunity, while residing at Aix-les-Bains, to visit this celebrated Carthusian monastery. It is situated about twenty-five miles south of Aix-les-Bains, in the centre of the Alpine range of mountains between Chambéry, in Savoy, and Grenoble, in Dauphiny, fifteen miles from the town of Voiron, six from St. Laurent-du-Pont, and nineteen from Grenoble. In the year 1081, St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order, erected a chapel, with cells for six monks, here, on a rocky platform 3200 ft. above sea-level, below the Grand Som, which rises to more than twice the height just mentioned. The buildings of the later convent, shown in our illustration, are rather extensive; they are inhabited by about seventy monks, each dwelling in his own separate apartments of several chambers, and by a large number of men-servants, who live in the upper storey. Visitors are accommodated in large dining-rooms and comfortable bedrooms, with good attendance, and usually think it right to make a gift of money to the institution, equal to ordinary hotel charges. Only gentlemen are admitted into the monastery; but ladies may find lodgings in a house kept by nuns a few yards distant, where also the wives of some of the attendants live. The rule of the Carthusians is strict for members of the Order: they are forbidden to talk with each other, except at stated times, and on certain days of the week; they eat no animal food, wear no linen, pray five hours a day, and are employed in cultivating their gardens, working at simple handicrafts, or distilling, at St. Laurent, a well-known liqueur from certain herbs, which is an article of commerce that yields good profit, and is sold wholesale at Voiron.

The Queen's visit to the Grande Chartreuse will be historical. We have noticed the regulations forbidding the entrance of any female within the monastery. Very few women, and those Roman Catholics, had ever been allowed to enter it. One was the Empress Eugénie. To enable Queen Victoria to be admitted, a special dispensation from the Pope was necessary, and it was a matter of considerable doubt whether his Holiness would accord it. An intimation, however, was recently sent to the Queen from the Father Superior of the Order of the Carthusians, that he had obtained the requisite permission for her Majesty's visit to the interior, and the Queen did not hesitate to avail herself of it.

The Royal party, which consisted of the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Miss Phipps, Sir H. Ponsonby, Major Bigge, Dr. Reid, Mr. Kanné, and Dr. Brachet, left Aix at ten o'clock by a special train for St. Béron, which was reached at eleven o'clock. Here three carriages, including the Queen's own, were waiting to convey the party to the monastery. The drive occupied two hours and a half. The Queen took her luncheon, served by the roadside at St. Bruno. A long narrow defile was passed through. The sun was very warm, and the dust and heat were oppressive, but snow was lying on the higher grounds around the monastery. At St. Laurent-du-Pont a local guard had turned out, and played "God Save the Queen." They fired a salute, and the daughter of the Postmaster presented the Queen with a bouquet.

On arrival the Queen was met at the principal entrance by the second Father, who conducted her Majesty across the court to the apartment of the Father Superior, who was waiting to receive her. Her Majesty was then conducted by the Father Superior, and a select company of the Fathers, through all the principal apartments, galleries, and chapels. Her Majesty frequently conversed with them, the visit occupying

about an hour. Refreshments were served to the suite in the monastery. On departing her Majesty thanked the Father Superior for the permission accorded for her visit and for the attention shown to her. The Queen also visited the neighbouring house of the nuns, who provide a resting-place for ladies. The Royal party then drove back to St. Béron, reaching Aix by a special train at eight o'clock. The Queen suffered no undue fatigue.

Among the Fathers was pointed out a Russian General who had served in the Crimea; and among the Brothers of the Order a rich young Englishman, who has been there four years, having entered the monastery when he was eighteen years old. It may be added that nineteen monasteries of the Order of the Carthusians exist in Europe. We are told that the annual revenue derived from the manufacture of the Chartreuse liqueur reaches nearly £2000, which is mainly spent in works of charity. Our illustration of the Grande Chartreuse is from a photograph taken by Mr. W. B. Wright, of Brislington, near Bristol.

Mr. J. P. Thomasson, formerly member for Bolton, has given £2400 towards the Bolton Jubilee Technical School.

The returns of pauperism in the United Kingdom show that the total number of persons receiving relief on Jan. 1 of this year in England and Wales was 822,215, being one out of every thirty-four persons.

Mr. Henry Irving occupied the chair at a meeting at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday week in support of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, now partially formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Resolutions in favour of this object were moved by Sir Theodore Martin, the American Minister, and Sir F. Pollock, and unanimously adopted.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria

and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road). Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday. From Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-fare First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Extra Train, Victoria to Brighton, 11.55 p.m. Saturdays. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained.—West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office. (By order) A. SARRIS, Secretary and General Manager.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The

Exhibition will OPEN on MONDAY, MAY 2. Admission (from Eight a.m. to Seven p.m., except on the first day, when it opens at Ten a.m.), 1s. Catalogues, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG.

R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zenobia at Carthage," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

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LYCEUM—MATINEES.—FAUST, TO-DAY

(Saturday), APRIL 30, and SATURDAY NEXT, MAY 7, at Two o'clock. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry.—LYCEUM.

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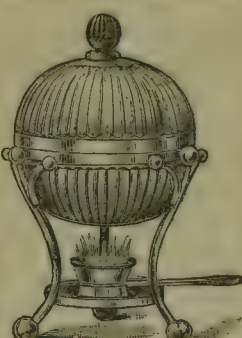
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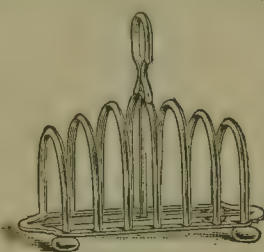
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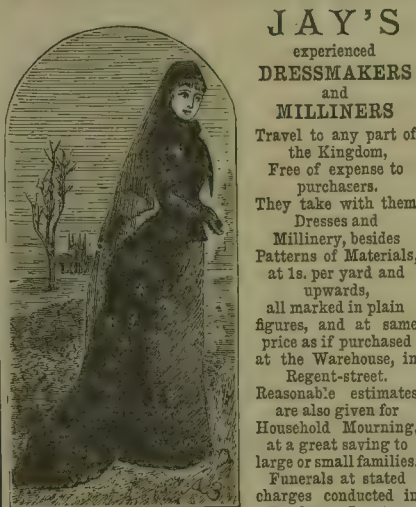
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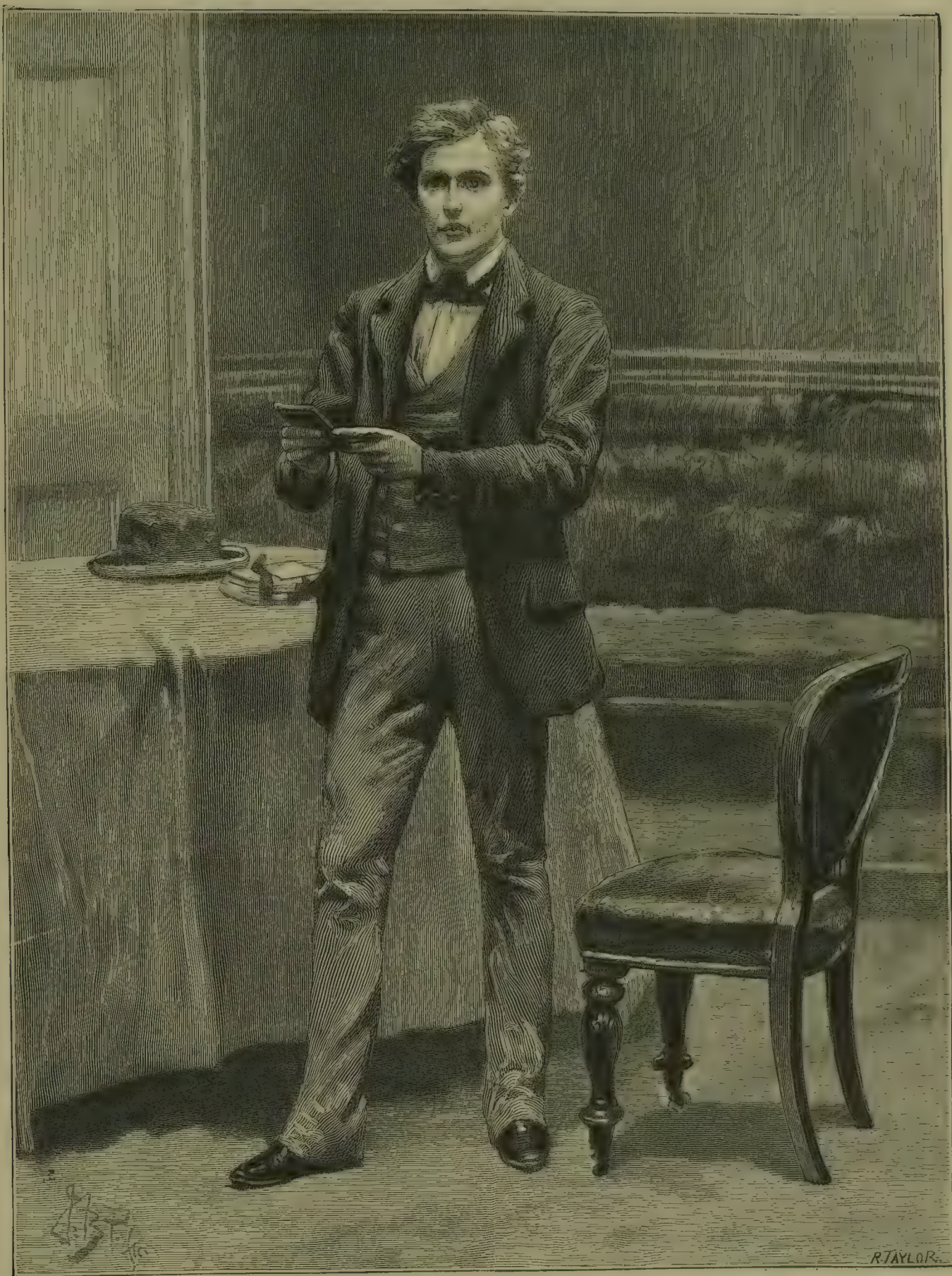
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He turned hurriedly to the morocco case, and opened it with trembling fingers. . . . The features were those of his wife.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

Amazed and disconcerted, Hurlstone, nevertheless, retained his presence of mind.

"There must be some mistake," he said coolly, "I am certainly not the person you seem to be expecting."

"Were you not sent here by Winslow?" demanded Perkins.

"No. The person you are looking for is probably one I saw on the shore. He no doubt became alarmed at my approach, and has allowed me quite unwittingly to take his place in the boat."

Perkins examined Hurlstone keenly for a moment, stepped to the door, gave a brief order and returned.

"Then, if you did not intend the honour of this visit for me," he resumed with a smile, "may I ask, my dear fellow, whom you expected to meet, and on what ship? There are not so many at Todos Santos, if my memory serves me right, as to create confusion."

"I must decline to answer that question," said Hurlstone, curtly.

The Señor smiled with an accession of his old gentleness. "My dear young friend," he said, "have you forgotten that on a far more important occasion to *you*, I showed no desire to pry into your secret?" Hurlstone made a movement of deprecation. "Nor have I any such desire now. But for the sake of our coming to an understanding as friends, let me answer the question for you. You are here, my dear fellow, as a messenger from the Mission of Todos Santos to the Ecclesiastical Commission from Guadalajara, whose ship touches here every three years. It is now due. You have mistaken this vessel for theirs."

Hurlstone remained silent.

"It is no secret," continued Señor Perkins, blandly; "nor shall I pretend to conceal my purpose here, which is on the invitation of certain distressed patriots of Todos Santos, to

assist them in their deliverance from the effete tyranny of the Church and its Government. I have been fortunate enough to anticipate the arrival of your vessel, as you were fortunate enough to anticipate the arrival of my messenger. I am doubly fortunate, as it gives me the pleasure of your company this evening, and necessitates no further trouble than the return of the boat for the other gentleman—which has already gone. Doubtless you may know him."

"I must warn you again, Señor Perkins," said Hurlstone, sternly, "that I have no connection with any political party; nor have I any sympathy with your purpose against the constituted authorities."

"I am willing to believe that you have no political affinities at all, my dear Mr. Hurlstone," returned Perkins, with unruffled composure, "and, consequently, we will not argue as to what is the constituted authority of Todos Santos. Perhaps to-morrow it may be on board *this ship*, and I may still have the pleasure of making you at home here!"

"Until then," said Hurlstone, drily, "at least you will allow me to repair my error by returning to the shore."

"For the moment I hardly think it would be wise," replied Perkins, gently. "Allowing that you escaped the vigilance of my friends on the shore, whose suspicions you have aroused, and who might do you some injury, you would feel it your duty to inform those who sent you of the presence of my ship and thus precipitate a collision between my friends and yours which would be promotive of ill-feeling, and perhaps bloodshed. You know my peaceful disposition, Mr. Hurlstone; you can hardly expect me to countenance an act of folly that would be in violation of it."

"In other words, having decoyed me here on-board your ship, you intend to detain me," said Hurlstone, insultingly.

"Decoy," said Perkins, in gentle deprecation, "'decoy' is hardly the word I expected from a gentleman who has been so unfortunate as to take, unsolicited and of his own freewill, another person's place in a boat. But," he continued, assuming an easy argumentative attitude, "let us look at it from your view-point. Let us imagine that *your* ship had anticipated mine, and that *my* messenger had unwittingly gone on board of her. What do you think they would have done to him?"

"They would have hung him at the yard-arm, as he deserved," said Hurlstone, unflinchingly.

"You are wrong," said Perkins, gently. "They would have given him the alternative of betraying his trust, and confessing everything—which he would probably have accepted. Pardon me!—this is no insinuation against you," he interrupted—"but I regret to say, that my experience with the effete Latin races of this continent have not inspired me with confidence in their loyalty to trust. Let me give you an instance," he continued, smiling: "the ship you are expecting is supposed to be an inviolable secret of the Church, but it is known to me—to my friends ashore—and even to you, my poor friend, a heretic! More than that, I am told that the Comandante, the Padre, and Alcalde, are actually arranging to deport some of the American women by this vessel, which has been hitherto sacred to the emissaries of the Church alone. But you probably know this—it is doubtless part of your errand. I only mention it to convince you, that I have certainly no need either to know your secrets, to hang you from the yard-arm if you refused to give them up, or to hold you as hostage for my messenger, who, as I have shown you, can take care of himself. I shall not ask you for that secret despatch you undoubtedly carry next your heart, because I don't want it. You are at liberty to keep it until you can deliver it, or drop it out of that port-hole into the sea—as you choose. But I hear the boat returning," continued Perkins, rising gently from his seat as the sound of oars came faintly alongside, "and no doubt with Winslow's messenger. I am sorry you won't let me bring you together. I daresay he knows all about you, and it really need not alter your opinions."

"One moment," said Hurlstone, stunned, yet incredulous of Perkins's revelations. "You said that both the Comandante and Alcalde had arranged to send away certain ladies—are you not mistaken?"

"I think not," said Perkins, quietly, looking over a pile of papers on the table before him. "Yes, here it is," he continued reading from a memorandum, "'Don Ramon Ramirez arranged with Pepe for the secret carrying off of Doña Barbara Brimmer.' Why, that was six weeks ago, and here we have the Comandante suborning one Marcia, a dragoon, to abduct Mrs. Markham—by Jove, my old friend!—and Doña Leonor—"

our beauty, was she not? Yes, here it is: in black and white. Read it, if you like—and pardon me for one moment, while I receive this unlucky messenger."

Left to himself, Hurlstone barely glanced at the memorandum, which seemed to be the rough minutes of some society. He believed Perkins; but was it possible that the Padre could be ignorant of the designs of his fellow-councillors? And if he were not—if he had long before been in complicity with them for the removal of Eleanor, might he not also have duped him, Hurlstone, and sent him on this mission as a mere blind; and—more infamously—perhaps even thus decoyed him on board the wrong ship? No—it was impossible! His honest blood quickly flew to his cheek at that momentary disloyal suspicion.

Nevertheless, the Señor's bland revelations filled him with vague uneasiness. *She* was safe with her brother now; but what if he and the other Americans were engaged in this ridiculous conspiracy—this pot-house rebellion that Father Esteban had spoken of, and which he had always treated with such contempt? It seemed strange that Perkins had said nothing of the arrival of the relieving party from the Gulf, and its probable effect on the malcontents. Did he know it? or was the news now being brought by this messenger whom he, Hurlstone, had supplanted? If so, when and how had Perkins received the intelligence that brought him to Todos Santos? The young man could scarcely repress a bitter smile as he remembered the accepted idea of Todos Santos' inviolability—that inaccessible port that had within six weeks secretly summoned Perkins to its assistance! And it was there he believed himself secure! What security had he at all? Might not this strange, unimpassioned, omniscient man already know *his* secret as he had known the others'?

The interview of Perkins with the messenger in the next cabin was a long one, and, apparently, a stormy one on the part of the newcomer. Hurlstone could hear his excited foreign voice, shrill with the small vehemence of a shallow character; but there was no change in the slow, measured tones of the Señor. He listlessly began to turn over the papers on the table. Presently he paused. He had taken up a sheet of paper on which Señor Perkins had evidently been essaying some composition in verse. It seemed to have been of a lugubrious character. The titular line at the top of the page, "Dirge," had been crossed out for the substituted "In Memoriam." He read carelessly—

O Muse unmet—but not unwept—
I seek thy sacred haunt in vain.
Too late, alas! the tryst is kept—
We may not meet again!

I sought thee midst the orange bloom,
To find that thou hadst grasped the palm
Of martyr, and the silent tomb
Had hid thee in its calm.

By fever racked, thou languished
On Nicaragua's—

Hurlstone threw the paper aside. Although he had not forgotten the Señor's reputation for sentimental extravagance, and on another occasion might have laughed at it, there was something so monstrous in this hysterical, morbid composition of the man who was even then contemplating bloodshed and crime that he was disgusted. Like most sentimental egotists, Hurlstone was exceedingly intolerant of that quality in others, and he turned for relief to his own thoughts of Eleanor Keene and his own unfortunate passion. *He* could not have written poetry at such a moment!

But the cabin door opened, and Señor Perkins appeared. Whatever might have been the excited condition of his unknown visitor, the Señor's round, clean-shaven face was smiling and undisturbed by emotion. As his eye fell on the page of manuscript Hurlstone had just cast down, a slight shadow crossed his beneficent expanse of forehead, and deepened in his soft, dark eyes; but the next moment it was chased away by his quick-recurring smile. Even thus transient and superficial was his feeling, thought Hurlstone.

"I have some news for you," said Perkins, affably, "which may alter your decision about returning. My friends ashore," he continued, "judging from the ingenious specimen which has just visited me, are more remarkable for their temporary zeal and spasmodic devotion than for prudent reserve or lasting discretion. They have submitted a list to me of those whom they consider dangerous to Mexican liberty, and whom they are desirous of hanging. I regret to say that the list is illogical, and the request inopportune. Our friend Mr. Banks is put down as an ally of the Government and an objectionable business rival of that eminent patriot and well-known drover, Señor Martinez, who just called upon me. Mr. Crosby's humour is considered subversive of a proper respect for all patriotism; but I cannot understand why they have added *your* name as especially 'dangerous.'"

Hurlstone made a gesture of contempt. "I suppose they pay me the respect of considering me a friend of the old priest. So be it! I hope they will let the responsibility fall on me alone."

"The Padre is already proscribed as one of the Council," said Señor Perkins, quietly.

"Do you mean to say," said Hurlstone, impetuously, "that you will permit a hair of that innocent old man's head to be harmed by those wretches?"

"You are generous, but hasty, my friend," said Señor Perkins, in gentle deprecation. "Allow me to put your question in another way. Ask me if I intend to perpetuate the Catholic Church in Todos Santos by adding another martyr to its roll, and I will tell you—No! I need not say that I am equally opposed to any proceedings against Banks, Crosby, and yourself for diplomatic reasons, apart from the kindly memories of our old associations on this ship. I have, therefore, been obliged to return to the excellent Martinez his little list, with the remark that I should hold *him* personally responsible if any of you are molested. There is, however, no danger. Messrs. Banks and Crosby are with the other Americans, whom we have guaranteed to protect, at the Mission, in the care of your friend the Padre. You are surprised! Equally so was the Padre. Had you delayed your departure an hour you would have met them, and I should have been debarred the pleasure of your company."

"By to-morrow," continued Perkins, placing the tips of his fingers together reflectively, "the Government of Todos Santos will have changed hands, and without bloodshed. You look incredulous? My dear young friend, it has been a part of my professional pride to show the world that these revolutions can be accomplished as peacefully as our own changes of administration. But for a few infelicitous accidents this would have been the case of the late liberation of Quinquambo. The only risk run is to myself—the leader, and that is as it should be. But all this personal explanation is, doubtless, uninteresting to you, my young friend. I meant only to say that, if you prefer not to remain here, you can accompany me when I leave the ship at nine o'clock with a small reconnoitring party, and I will give you safe escort back to your friends at the Mission."

This amicable proposition produced a sudden revulsion of feeling in Hurlstone. To return to those people from whom he was fleeing, in what was scarcely yet a serious emergency, was not to be thought of. Yet, where could he go? How

could he be near enough to assist *her* without again openly casting his lot among them? And would they not consider his return an act of cowardice?—He could not restrain a gesture of irritation as he rose, impatiently, to his feet.

"You are agitated, my dear fellow. It is not unworthy of your youth; but, believe me, it is unnecessary," said Perkins, in his most soothing manner. "Sit down. You have an hour yet to make your decision. If you prefer to remain, you will accompany the ship to Todos Santos and join me."

"I don't comprehend you," interrupted Hurlstone, suspiciously.

"I forgot," said Perkins with a bland smile, "that you are unaware of our plan of campaign. After communicating with the insurgents, I land here with a small force to assist them. I do this to anticipate any action and prevent the interference of the Mexican coasters, now due, which always touches here through ignorance of the channel leading to the Bay of Todos Santos and the Presidio. I then send the Excelsior, that does know the channel, to Todos Santos, to appear before the Presidio, take the enemy in flank, and co-operate with us. The arrival of the Excelsior there is the last move of this little game, if I may so call it: it is 'checkmate to the King,' the clerical Government of Todos Santos."

A little impressed, in spite of himself, with the calm forethought and masterful security of the Señor, Hurlstone thanked him with a greater show of respect than he had hitherto evinced. The Señor looked gratified, but unfortunately placed that respect the next moment in peril:

"You were possibly glancing over these verses," he said, with a hesitating and almost awkward diffidence, indicating the manuscript Hurlstone had just thrown aside. "It is merely the first rough draft of a little tribute I had begun to a charming friend. I sometimes," he interpolated, with an apologetic smile, "trifle with the Muse. Perhaps I ought not to use the word 'trifle' in connection with a composition of a threnodial and dirgelike character," he continued deprecatingly. "Certainly not in the presence of a gentleman as accomplished and educated as yourself, to whom recreation of this kind is undoubtedly familiar. My occupations have been, unfortunately, of a nature not favourable to the indulgence of verse. As a college man yourself, my dear Sir, you will probably forgive the lucubrations of an old graduate of William and Mary's, who has forgotten his 'ars poetica.' The verses you have possibly glanced at are crude, I am aware, and perhaps show the difficulty of expressing at once the dictates of the heart and the brain. They refer to a dear friend, now at peace. You have perhaps, in happier and more careless hours, heard me speak of Mrs. Euphemia M'Corkle, of Illinois?"

Hurlstone remembered indistinctly to have heard, even in his reserved exclusiveness on the Excelsior, the current badinage of the passengers concerning Señor Perkins's extravagant adulation of this unknown poetess. As a part of the staple monotonous humour of the voyage, it had only disgusted him. With a feeling that he was unconsciously sharing the burlesque relief of the passengers, he said, with a polite attempt at interest:

"Then the lady is—no more?"

"If that term can be applied to one whose work is immortal," corrected Señor Perkins, gently. "All that was finite of this gifted woman was lately forwarded by Adam's Express Company from San Juan, to receive sepulture among her kindred at Keokuk, Iowa."

"Did she say she was from that place?" asked Hurlstone, with half automatic interest.

"The Consul says she gave that request to the priest."

"Then you were not with her when she died?" said Hurlstone, absently.

"I was *never* with her, neither then nor before," returned Señor Perkins, gravely. Seeing Hurlstone's momentary surprise, he went on. "The late Mrs. M'Corkle and I never met—we were personally unknown to each other. You may have observed the epithet 'unmet' in the first line of the first stanza; you will then understand that the privation of actual contact with this magnetic soul would naturally impart more difficulty into elegiac expression."

"Then you never really saw the lady you admire?" said Hurlstone, vacantly.

"Never. The story is a romantic one," said Perkins, with a smile that was half complacent, and yet half embarrassed. "May I tell it to you. 'Thanks! Some three years ago, I contributed some verses to the columns of a Western paper, edited by a friend of mine. The subject chosen was my favourite one, the 'Liberation of Mankind,' in which I may possibly have expressed myself with some poetic fervour on a theme so dear to my heart. I may remark without vanity, that it received high encomiums—perhaps at some more opportune moment you may be induced to cast your eyes over a copy I still retain—but no praise touched me as deeply as a tribute in verse in another journal from a gifted unknown, who signed herself 'Euphemia.' The subject of the poem, which was dedicated to myself, was on the liberation of women—from—er—I may say certain domestic shackles; treated perhaps vaguely, but with grace and vigour. I replied a week later in a larger poem, recording more fully my theories and aspirations regarding a struggling Central American confederacy, addressed to 'Euphemia.' She rejoined with equal elaboration and detail referring to a more definite form of tyranny in the relations of marriage, and alluding with some feeling to uncongenial experiences of her own. An instinct of natural delicacy, veiled under the hyperbole of 'want of space,' prevented my editorial friend from encouraging the repetition of this charming interchange of thought and feeling. But I procured the fair stranger's address; we began a correspondence at once, imaginative and sympathetic in expression, if not always poetical in form. I was called to South America by the Macedonian cry of 'Quinquambo!' I still corresponded with her. When I returned to Quinquambo I received letters from her, dated from San Francisco. I feel that my words could only fail, my dear Hurlstone, to convey to you the strength and support I derived from those impassioned breathings of aid and sympathy at that time. Enough for me to confess that it was mainly due to the deep womanly interest that *she* took in the fortunes of the passengers of the Excelsior that I gave the Mexican authorities early notice of their whereabouts. But, pardon me"—he stopped hesitatingly, with a slight flush, as he noticed the utterly inattentive face and attitude of Hurlstone—"I am boring you? I am forgetting that this is only important to myself," he added, with a sigh. "I only intended to ask your advice in regard to the disposition of certain manuscripts and effects of her, which are unconnected with our acquaintance. I thought perhaps I might intrust them to your delicacy and consideration. They are here, if you choose to look them over; and here is also what I believe to be a daguerreotype of the lady herself, but in which I fail to recognise her soul and genius." He laid a bundle of letters and a morocco case on the table with a carelessness that was intended to hide a slight shade of disappointment in his face—and rose.

"I beg your pardon," said Hurlstone, in confused and remorseful apology; "but I frankly confess that my thoughts

were preoccupied. Pray forgive me. If you will leave these papers with me, I promise to devote myself to them another time."

"As you please," said the Señor, with a slight return of his old affability. "But don't bore yourself now. Let us go on deck."

He passed out of the cabin as Hurlstone glanced, half mechanically, at the package before him. Suddenly, his cheek reddened; he stopped, looked hurriedly at the retreating form of Perkins, and picked up a manuscript from the packet. It was in his wife's handwriting! A sudden idea flashed across his mind, and seemed to illuminate the obscure monotony of the story he had just heard. He turned hurriedly to the morocco case, and opened it with trembling fingers. It was a daguerreotype, faded and silvered; but the features were those of his wife!

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

An autobiography from the pen of one of the most conspicuous statesmen of the last half-century cannot but interest a large number of readers. *Memoirs of Count Von Beust, written by himself, with an Introduction by Baron De Worms, M.P.*, 2 vols. (Remington), is not a work to be read hastily, or to be reviewed adequately, in the brief space at our command in these columns. The narrative is as instructive as it is entertaining, and the lively Introduction touches on a variety of topics which have by no means passed into the domain of ancient history. Home Rulers and Unionists alike will do well, for instance, to hear what the ex-Chancellor of Austria had to say on a difficulty that is now the universal topic of conversation and of thought. Indeed, the autobiography is full of the life that current politics supplies; and if we were writing a review, instead of a short notice, the topics for discussion would be embarrassing from their number and variety. But although we cannot do critical justice to the Count's pages, it may be possible to draw attention to a work as attractive to the general reader as to the statesman and politician. The memoirs now translated by Baron De Worms were published in Germany about a year ago, not long before the death of the writer. He was born in 1809, and relates that on the day of his birth he was drunk. "It came about in this wise. I always had the bad habit of keeping people waiting for me. I did so even on that day, and when at last I made my appearance, my father was beside himself with joy, and gave my nurse a dozen bottles of the oldest Rhenish wine of the year 1683. She was a Wendish woman, unable to understand a syllable of German, and, thinking that the wine was for a bath, she poured it into a basin and bathed me in it"—the result of this folly being that the child nearly lost his life. The Count's early career must be passed over with the remark that, as a student at Göttingen, he became imbued with English ideas, and, "in this sense," he writes, "I have been a consistent Liberal from my youth upwards." How he worked afterwards at the University of Leipzig may be imagined from the statement that his tutor came at six a.m. and remained with him until ten p.m., only two hours being allowed for food and exercise. In Saxony, his native country, Von Beust early obtained an appointment in the diplomatic service. For two years he was Secretary of Legation at Berlin, whence he was removed to Paris; his next and first independent post being Chargé d'Affaires at Munich. In 1846 he was appointed Resident Minister in London, and, on stating this fact, the Count adds, that the greater part of his career as a diplomatist was spent in this country—first as Saxon Resident Minister, then as Austrian Ambassador, and, at times, as Plenipotentiary of the Germanic Confederation. The year 1848, one of Revolutions, was pregnant with interest to Von Beust; but, with the remark that he then met Bismarck for the first time, we must pass on to 1849, when he was a second time appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs by the King of Saxony. For many years, and under two Kings, Von Beust held a high position in the Saxon Cabinet; but, after the war of 1866, his services were transferred to Vienna. It is a pity, he says, that he was not made an Austrian Minister at an earlier period, as he is sure he "would have succeeded in preserving Austria's dominant position, and making disasters like those of 1866 impossible." This was the most critical and the most distinguished period of the great statesman's life. He was made Imperial Chancellor amidst the acclamations of the people of Vienna; he succeeded in abolishing the Concordat; and, above all, brought Hungary into friendly union with Austria, by reviving the old Constitution of that country. The Count, by-the-way, in a letter written after the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule Bill, observes that, independently of the demerits and dangers of that scheme, the parallel Mr. Gladstone draws between it and the dual system he inaugurated is "utterly fallacious." And in another letter he writes that in his judgment "the separation of Ireland from England would inevitably take place some years after the institution of the Home-Rule Parliament." This is a slight indication of the way in which these *Memoirs* keep "touch" with subjects of highest interest to Englishmen, and, indeed, the volumes abound with passages that show the Count's familiarity with the social life of this country as well as with its politics. The work should be read once for the entertainment it affords, and a second time for the knowledge of recent history to be acquired from its pages.

Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England" was at one time a highly popular book, and we do not know that its popularity has waned. Whatever defects the work may have, it is eminently readable; and if the writer cannot always claim credit for impartiality she deserves no slight praise for industry and enthusiasm. *The Life of Agnes Strickland*, by her sister, Jane Margaret Strickland (Blackwood and Sons), is an affectionate record of a good woman's life, and it is all the pleasanter because it is evident that Agnes Strickland's long apprenticeship to literature did not lessen her feminine qualities. She was, we are told, "really more of the woman than the author"; she had considerable pleasure in rich attire and in fine needlework, and an evident preference for people of wealth and title. Moreover, she was devotedly loyal, and great was her delight on being presented at Court. "When my name was announced," she writes, "her Majesty smiled, and looked most kindly"; and at the Birthday Drawingroom "the Queen gave me a nod and smile of friendly recognition. . . . She seemed to understand my feelings towards her. You would have liked," she adds, "to see me in my Court costume—violet velvet lined with primrose over Brussels lace and white satin." Of people whom Agnes Strickland liked she writes with feminine exaggeration. Guizot, for example, is said to be "the most delightful and amiable person in the world" with "the sweetest voice in the world." She had her dislikes too, and thought Macaulay "ugly, vulgar, and pompous." At the Duke of Somerset's she took her in to dinner. "A very handsome, quiet young man who faced them apparently afforded Mr. Macaulay a topic for conversation, for he looked pointedly at him and commenced a tirade of invective on the stupidity of handsome men, by which the Adonis of the party evidently was embarrassed and annoyed."

Agnes thought the attack unfair, and replied 'It was a consolation for ugly men to consider them so.' He became sulky and they had no further conversation together." Her historical researches at the British Museum and elsewhere do not seem to have much interfered with a great deal of visiting and travel. A large part of the book is therefore devoted to Miss Strickland's account of the places she visited and the people she saw. If in these letters there are a few indications of pride at the reception she met with in castles and palaces, it must be remembered they are written, with affectionate freedom, to members of her own family. Letters are worthless when the writer has the fear of print to guide the pen. Some, at least, of our readers will be surprised to learn that Agnes was not the sole author of the "Lives" to which her name is affixed. Her sister Elizabeth wrote several of the biographies, with equal ability, and, thanks to vigorous health, with greater industry; but "she hated notoriety, and never courted it in any shape." The "Life" is written with good taste and feeling, and is likely to attract many readers. Should a second edition be called for, it would be well to eliminate several needless repetitions.

The method adopted by Mr. Hubert Hall to bring vividly under our eyes *Society in the Elizabethan Age* (Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.) is at once novel and ingenious. Taking for the central figure of his history a prominent character of the times, known as "Wild Darrell," the author, by simply following his hero's fortunes is enabled to give us a vivid sketch of the feuds and friendships of a great country squire; to sketch his relations with his tenants and retainers, his kinsfolk, and his associates. He next shows the steady advances made by the town-merchant into country life; and the duties thrown by custom and society upon the dwellers in towns—throughout these chapters depicting, with minute care the accessories of the scene in which Wild Darrell played an important part; but the interest culminates when, hopeless of obtaining justice and fair treatment in his own county (Wiltshire), the Lord of Littlecote comes to Court, and finds himself drawn into that whirlpool where the churchman, the official, and the lawyer play their respective parts, and finally despoil the suitor of the little which the Court patron has left. It is pretty clear from the documents which Mr. Hall quotes, that even Walsingham could not rise superior to the habits of his time—and that he made no scruple to accept large presents—some might call them bribes—from them who sought favour of the Sovereign or her Chancellor. It was Darrell's fate to have to make acquaintance with nearly every court at Westminster, Whitehall, or in his own county, where justice was (or was not) administered with strict impartiality, but always with the most exasperating tediousness. We are, therefore, able to follow in some degree the amazing resources which, even in those days, the law provided for dishonest debtors. Darrell was an obstinate man, and finding himself the butt of others' malice and cunning, he stolidly plodded on in the pursuit of what he considered his rights, regardless of the hostility his unconventional method of gaining his object aroused. It was, perhaps, due to his best and almost only friend, Sir John Popham, then Attorney-General, that Darrell did not absolutely lose himself in the hopeless maze of litigation in which he was involved. The Squire of Littlecote, whose one tender episode had been his love, perfectly honourable, for the neglected wife of Sir William Hungerford, lived the simple life of a philosopher. He drank little, without shame—as his modest payment of fivepence for a pint of Rhenish wine in his hotel bill proves—but, on the other hand, he smoked a good deal. He dressed plainly, preserved his trout, netted his game, and spent money lavishly only on his Dutch gardener, and perhaps upon his books. For those who care to learn more about daily life in Shakspeare's time, we recommend Mr. Hall's instructive volume.

The craft of angling, associated as it is with ideas of gentleness of spirit and charming simplicity, is, often, in the same breath, invested with mysteries. It is only when the methods developed for the destruction of fish are placed before us in all their complications that the uninitiated perceive what a terrible business it might become. Such an opportunity is afforded by Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell's *Modern Improvements in Fishing Tackle* (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). An ordinary youth taking up this volume with the desire of learning how to fish would certainly be very soon bewildered at the amount of science he has to master. Yet we have a notion that a lad with willow-wand for rod, fine whipcord for line, a quill for float, and common hooks, operating in the old-fashioned way, might occasionally, at the end of a day's angling, compare very well with a gentleman equipped with the endless and costly paraphernalia described by Mr. Pennell. The tendency, no doubt, amongst modern anglers is to unnecessarily multiply tackle of all kinds, and many of the so-called improvements might be discarded with advantage. A considerable portion of the work is devoted to a defence of the eyed-hook for artificial flies, or rather, as the author frankly stated, to an advocacy of the pattern which bears his name. Eyed hooks require no defence. Since Mr. H. S. Hall made widely known the system, which had been but little adopted previously, the chalk stream fishermen and others north of the Trent took it up. The question as between the upturned and downturned eye is, we believe, simply a matter of fancy, one being really no better than the other. So long, however, as the human sight grows dim, and the human digits stiff, with age, the familiar gut-lengths whipped to the flies will still keep the market. Although Mr. Pennell gives a long list of modern "notions" in angling, some of which are undoubted improvements, there are many which are not mentioned. The best improvement figured, we imagine, is the "straight revers" to the Pennell spinning flight, for pike. The book, it need scarcely be said, is full of practical information, and it is most liberally illustrated with diagrams. The angler, though sorely tempted to try all new methods, may, after all, be certain that the simplest tackle is always the best.

Mr. William Bull's orchid exhibition will be opened next Tuesday, May 3, at 536, King's-road, Chelsea.

There has been issued from the Education Department a Bluebook on the subject of school boards and school attendance committees in England and Wales. Exclusive of London, with its one school board, and population of 3,831,351 at the last census, there are in the municipal boroughs of England 137 boards, to a population of 7,010,172; and in Welsh boroughs eighteen, to a population of 248,511; while in English parishes there are 1789 boards to a population of 4,440,023; and in Welsh parishes 279 to a population of 751,391; the total population under the 2224 school boards being 16,284,451. The number of English boroughs under school attendance committees is 116, with a population of 1,641,923, and Welsh boroughs 9, with a population of 40,478. The number of urban sanitary districts under such committees in England is 73, with a population of 821,593, and in Wales none. In England there are 534 under committees, with a population of 6,865,831, and in Wales 45, with a population of 320,123. The total population under school attendance committees is thus 9,639,938.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The Council of the Institute might well be supposed to have established a standard of excellence beyond which artists should not attempt to soar. Had this standard been a high one there would be little cause for regret, and the whole or partial failure of many to attain to it would in no way have detracted from the value or the interest of the present Exhibition. Unfortunately, the level reached, if not actually prescribed, is a low one, and the result is that the rooms, which rank among the best in London for a picture-show, are hung with more than a thousand pictures, of which nine tenths are mediocre and common-place. Of works which arrest the attention, either by their extreme goodness or the reverse, there are practically none, unless exception be made in favour of the President's "Tableau of 1885" (609), representing the visit of the Emperor Maximilian to the studio of Albrecht Dürer. Even in this, the figure of the Emperor is wanting in the grace and dignity which Sir James Linton, when he wills, can throw into his characters, and the general grouping of the personages recalls too vividly work which has long been familiar to the public. Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Unemployed" (935), two weary figures trudging along a muddy road, shows this versatile artist in a new light, and proves that, as a figure-painter, he has as much mastery over his brush as when dealing with white sails and rushing seas. In dramatic power, Mr. Ingram's work, moreover, is more complete, though less ambitious, than Mr. Walter Langley's "Betrayed" (974), in which the girl with her burden of shame, shunned by her village associates, would seem to have reached an age when she might have known men better. In its technical qualities Mr. Langley's picture displays no slight power and refinement, and the old man, maybe the girl's father, passing with averted head, is a fine touch of pathos. Another work of noble aims, and, we might almost add, of disappointed hopes, is Mr. Arthur Severn's "Brighton and Back for Three Shillings and Sixpence" (861), showing the sun through a mist; whilst the London trippers, quite content with this familiar aspect of the orb of day, are wandering aimlessly about the wet sand, or lolling, pipe in mouth, upon the beach and pier. There is more of true country freshness in Mr. E. H. Fahey's "Sunset at Martham Broad" (899), over which, midway between water and sky, the thin grey mist floats like a veil. Mr. Joseph Knight seems each year to make his clouds heavier, his hillsides browner, and his moors more sunless—as, for instance, in "The Cotter's Field" (30) and "Brown Autumn" (914); but in the single-figure study of "The Ship's Carpenter" (513) his strong shadows and deep lines tell with truthful effect. Mr. Frank Dadd is, as usual, humorous, whether animals or human beings occupy his brush. Of his three works, all of which are carefully composed and executed, that of "The Inglorious Arts of Peace" (469) is the most important, representing a party of soldiers—when uniforms were not quite so prosaic as now—billetted in a village inn, and busily engaged in preparing the dinner, of which the principal item, an elderly hen, was probably "foraged" on the road. The figure of the man, who has brought the black pot into contact with his white pantaloons, is exceedingly comic, and the mingled astonishment and resignation of the mistress of the inn at the sight of the domestic arrangements of her guests, are well hit off. Mr. J. C. Dollman, who is never more at home than on a lonely moor in the society of highwaymen, is this year almost pathetic in his "Top of the Hill" (161), to which the weary horses have at last dragged the plough through the heavy ground, but at the cost of poor "grey Dobbin's life." He has lain down in the fresh-made furrow, and will never do another day's work with his stable companion, who looks on his partner's rest almost with intelligent eye. Mr. Alfred East, too, has an effective bit of work in his "New Neighbourhood" (72), the outskirts of some large, rapid-growing city—Paris, Brussels, or London, it matters not which—where the winter snow has for a while suspended all builders' work, leaving the gaunt, black "carcasses" of the half-finished houses in all their unkempt hideousness. In his "Evening on the Teith" (392) and "A Rainy Day" (408), the same artist shows what good use he can make of more picturesque materials. Mr. H. G. Hine's "View from Lewes Beacon" (395) is a bold treatment of the billowy South Downs bathed in rich sunlight; whilst in some of his other works he shows that he can treat sea and clouds with almost equal breadth and power. Mr. Joseph Nash's "Forgotten Skirmish" (203) tells a somewhat obscure story; but the figure of the dead trooper, beside whom the faithful dog is nestling, is drawn with force. Amongst other works which tell more or less of a story may be mentioned Mr. Kilbourne's "Rigour of the Game" (909), a young girl vainly attempting to concentrate her thoughts on the family rubber—a picture which challenges comparison with Mr. H. R. Steer's kindred episode of the card table, "Duty, or Inclination" (485); Miss Winifred Freeman's "Jack's Half Holiday" (227), two sailor boys playing draughts—in which the management of the light is excellent; Mr. Weatherhead's "When the Life-Boat's Out" (764), and Mr. Bayes' "Scene from 'The Antiquary'" (926). Among the seascapes, in addition to those already named, Mr. Napier Hemy's two fishing studies, "At the Harbour Buoy" (919) and "The Little Trawler" (280), are most excellent, with their clear water, on which the boats almost seem to rock; Mr. W. May's "Barges at the Mouth of the Medway" (837) in a misty morning; Mr. Edwin Hayes' "Port of Cardiff" (594). The landscapes are numerous, but show no very great originality in conception or boldness of execution. Of the single-figure studies a very few need special notice; but amongst these Miss Jane Dealy's "Good-bye, Summer!" (91)—a sweet little child in a spotted muslin dress, under a rose-tree in full flower—deserves especial notice. Hitherto Miss Dealy has allowed Dutch children of robust frame to attract her, to the exclusion of those more delicately fashioned. Her success, however, in the present case should, we may hope, lead her to devote her talents to objects nearer home. Miss Heckstall Smith's "Across the Meadows" (252) is also of more than average merit—two sisters coming down a field in the full blaze of a mid-day sun. Mr. Markham-Skipworth must invent something newer than his "Tea and Tennyson" (937) if he wishes to sustain the reputation he earned a few years ago with a lady who, in more or less similar attitude, has appeared at regular intervals. Mr. G. Cotman's "Me Won't Sit" (532), a fractious model, is pretty in colour and natural in its defiant restlessness; but the artist's care to preserve the child's prettiness has induced him to leave the frown and anger out of her little face. Miss Edith Martineau's "Resting" (374) is carefully finished, but rather too artificial to be pleasant as a constant companion; but Mr. John Tenniel's "Evening Serenade" (411), a corpulent Polonius playing the Lothario, is full of excellent humour, and shows with what skill our great cartoonist can use his palette.

Amongst the other pictures to which attention may be directed are Mr. Walter Langley's "The Answer" (2), Mr. H. Becker's "Old Nevard" (18), Mr. David Carr's "Fisherman's Holiday" (29), Mr. H. R. Steer's "Violets" (31), as well as two pretty flower-pieces by Miss Ada Ham (663, 725), Mr. A. B. Donaldson's "Street in Lübeck" (62) and "View in Lübeck" (258), Mr. Wetherbee's "Fisher Maiden" (101), Mr. C. E. Holloway's "Old Rye" (112), Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Cowslip

Balls" (165), Mr. Orrocks's "Windy Day on the Moor" (188), Mr. Yeend King's "Evening" (227), Mr. A. F. Grace's "Autumn Morning" (261), Mr. H. Macallum's "Dunes of Heligoland" (304), Mr. Tom Hemy's "Elswick-on-Tyne" (315), Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "On the Medway" (193), Mr. C. E. Johnstone's "On the Moor at Roy Bridge" (426), Miss Marie Stillman's "Bacchante" (442), very firmly and cleverly painted; Miss E. Heckstall Smith's "Homeward Bound" (472), Mr. F. S. Morgan's "Flowers that Bloom in Spring" (502), Mr. John Scott's "Friend in Need" (511), Miss Mary Eley's "Sally" (540), Mr. Townley Green's "In the Library" (547), Miss Helen Mary Hind's clever treatment of light, "In the Beechwood" (842); Mr. L. Zorn's "From Stamboul" (601), Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Cambridgeshire Ferry" (618), Mr. Charles Green's "Little Dorrit Behind the Scenes" (625), Mr. Walter Langley's "Interesting Story" (634), Mr. Stephen Dadd's "The Dog for your Money" (678), Mr. Fulleylove's "Italian Garden" (681), the late Mr. J. Barnes's "Road to the Races" (682), Mr. Edwin Bale's "Fiammetta" (688), Mr. Shaw Crompton's "Unspeaking Turk" (719), Mr. Hargitt's "St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight" (727), Mr. John R. Reid's "Will He Come?" (736), Mr. Holloway's "Sandy Bay" (791), Mr. Thomas Pyne's "Village on the Norfolk Coast" (807), Mr. Rickatson's "Middle Pond, Burnham Beeches" (962), Mr. Topham Davidson's "Summer-time" (981), and Mr. Thomas Coultery's "Legitimate Drama" (1011), a crowd of street-boys round a Punch show.

The Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street), where Mr. Harry Furniss has opened his Royal Academy, will, unless we much misjudge the taste of our countrymen, prove far too small for the crowds his "artistic joke" is certain to attract. "To see ourselves as others see us" may not, perhaps, be altogether agreeable to Royal Academicians and Associates; but the parodies—often subtle, always technically skilful—of their respective mannerisms will delight the public of all shades. It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Harry Furniss is a mere burlesque draughtsman or surface-imitator. In nearly each of his cartoons (there are eighty-seven of them) he gives evidence of the acuteness of his observation, as well as of the delicacy of his fancy. For instance, in "The Dream" (31), of Alma Tadema, there is scarcely a single detail of this elaborate study of that artist's best works which should be passed by, from the figure of the pastry-cook's boy and dog on their way to the artist's hospitable house, to the lay-figure, of which the head appears in the corner as from a trap-door. Again, "The Art Criticton" (75) who can paint, engrave, work in metal, or carve in wood with equal dexterity, is too well known to need naming; but he is as pleasantly indicated as is a colleague of very different calibre by the masterly study called "Elbow-Room" (72), a large baronial room, in the far end of which a figure is seen lolling on the couch. The lessons conveyed by the hint that "Art is Long" (79), and automatic too; by the "Annual Cattle-Show Poster" (81), will, it is hoped, be taken as good-humouredly by those to whom they are addressed, as the hints conveyed to the Council by the "Baby-Blackleg" class, the "Hungwell Family," the "Edelweiss," "Lavender," and "Sunday" inanities with which the walls of Burlington House are annually supplied with too great profusion. *Mores castigat ridendo* might well be the motto of Mr. Furniss's catalogue, especially if we understand thereby the mannerisms into which even our most gifted artists are inclined to fall. Scarcely less humorous than the cartoons themselves is the catalogue, "without which the exhibition cannot be understood"—a statement of the truth of which each purchaser will be able to form his own opinion. It is, at all events, full of good points and puns—and some sparkling verses which are, apparently, in part due to Mr. E. J. Millikin, in whom, here as elsewhere, Mr. Furniss finds a sympathetic fellow-worker. In conclusion, we feel bound to say that everyone who cares for art combined with humour should visit this rival Royal Academy, and carry home a copy of its catalogue.

At the St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's) Mr. Mendoza has brought together a small collection of oil paintings, of which, if some are not altogether new, it may be said that they are all the more interesting. Of such are Mr. Faed's "Thorn in the Foot" (9), painted forty years ago, when it seemed that the mantle of Sir David Wilkie was likely to be inherited by his promising fellow-countryman. Another well-known picture is Mr. Frith's "Scene from 'The Vicar of Wakefield'" (16), where the Squire is setting the Vicar's two little ones to box. The chief strength, however, of the collection rests upon the works of Messrs. Waller, Dollman, Dendy Sadler, and Heywood Hardy, whose engraved works become each year more and more popular. Mr. Waller's "Lady of the Lake" (20), a girl in a dark dress punting, deals dextrously with very difficult materials. Mr. Dollman completes the experiences of the clerical horse-buyer who, in last year's Academy, was represented bargaining for something "Quiet to Ride or Drive" (54); and now we see how misplaced was his confidence: the horse is now to be disposed of, "the owner having no further use for him." The most important work is Signor L. Falero's "Mariage d'une Comète," a very remarkable instance of imaginative art applied to scientific research, and a companion picture to the same artist's "Double Etoile." Dealing with it only from the artistic point of view, it deserves the highest praise for exquisite modelling, delicate colouring, and the artist shows in his treatment of the nude that refinement may be combined with a very advanced type of realism.

Of Mr. F. Goodall's "Andromeda," now on view at Messrs. Graves' (Pall-mall), we would wish to speak with becoming respect, as evidence that, in spite of the protests of one at least of his brother Academicians, the artist does not hold that draped figures are all-sufficient for art-purposes. In other respects we cannot congratulate Mr. Goodall for having abandoned Jewish for Pagan history. His sacrificial type, selected from Greek mythology, is sprawling on her back upon the uncomfortable rock to which she is riveted, in a way which makes one suppose that her fellow-countrymen were as ready to torture their victim as the Minotaur was to devour her. The flesh, moreover, in no way recalls that of M. Bouguereau, whose example Mr. Goodall attempts to follow; and there is as little of the warmth which Etty would have given to the flesh-tints, as there is of classic dignity and dramatic force which Sir F. Leighton would have thrown into the figure.

Mr. Arthur J. Marshall (of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove) presided yesterday evening, at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, over the twentieth anniversary dinner given in aid of the funds of the London General Porters' Benevolent Association. The chairman proposed "Prosperity to the Institution," in doing which he said that since its establishment it had granted 257 pensions, which, at a cost of £32,000, had benefited 370 persons. The annual expenditure of the institution was £3400, while the only reliable income amounted to between £1500 and £1600. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of £1725.



THE FITZALAN CHAPEL, ARUNDEL.

CONTAINING THE FAMILY VAULT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Drawn by the late R. Head.

GLOVES.

Among the minor requisites of modern dress, gloves certainly claim a place of chief importance, in virtue of their special qualities for use and comfort, and of the finish which they give to the toilet of their wearers. Few, probably, among the many who are careful to choose a shade which will best match with their costume, or to secure the number of buttons which a due regard to passing fashion demands, are aware of the historical interest which attaches to the subject of their study, or of the curious past records of these articles of daily wear and tear, which range in various sorts and sizes, from rough bear-skin mufflers, or solid housemaid's "handshoes," as the Germans call them, to the most dainty samples of Parisian skill.

It may be open to question whether the Chaldee rendering of "glove of the right hand" for "shoe," is correct, in the passage in the Book of Ruth (B.C. 1245) which speaks of the custom of taking off the shoe in token of the redemption and confirming of a right; but we have undoubted references of very early date to gloves in each of their chief uses. Xenophon, about 400 B.C., tells us that among other proofs of Persian effeminacy was the fact that they wore gloves; and Homer has drawn a picture of the father of Ulysses with his hands protected from thorns by a pair of gardening gloves.

Varro, in his treatise upon country life, lays it down as an important hint that olives are better gathered with the naked hand; and a still more forcible reference to these coverings is made by Athenaeus, who says that a celebrated glutton of his day always came to table with gloves on, that he might be better able to handle the hot meat, and so secure a goodly share of the repast.

It seems certain that the use of gloves was rather permitted than approved in early days, for a writer at the close of the first century goes so far as to say, in his denunciation of the corruptions of his age:—"It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings." As time went on, however, this prejudice died out, and the purposes and ceremonies for which gloves came into common use were multiplied. Even the Church dealt with them as articles of clerical vestment, and deemed them of such importance that the Council of Poitiers called some French abbots to account for presuming to wear what was a necessary and peculiar part of the Bishop's dress. A larger liberty in this respect was granted early in the ninth century by the Council of Aix, at which it was decreed that monks should wear gloves of sheepskin. It must have been one of this fraternity who took pity on the holy dame Gudula, when she was praying on the cold church pavement at Brussels without her shoes, and placed his gloves beneath her feet. Resolute in her devotion, she threw them from her, and the legend runs that they were instantly caught upon a sun-beam, so that they hung for an hour suspended miraculously, as on a golden thread.

We all know, from many a minstrel-ballad, what an important part the glove or gauntlet played in days of chivalry. It was thrown down as the recognised challenge to single combat in defence of innocence, or in defiance of a foe, or in assertion of some disputed right. As near to our times as the year 1821, at the Coronation of George IV., his Majesty's Champion carried out, for the last time, the ancient ceremony of riding completely armed into Westminster Hall, and throwing down his glove as a challenge to any who should dare to dispute that Sovereign's claim to the Crown.

In addition to this, their special connection with Bishops, Knights, and Kings, gloves have long been of some importance in our courts of justice. There was a time when it was a

breach of the rule and etiquette of Assize that Judges should wear gloves upon the bench; but to this day, in accordance with old custom, the sheriff is expected to present a pair of white gloves to the Judge when no prisoners are presented for trial, in token and celebration of the "maiden" assize.

It would be as difficult to compute the number of gloves that are made and sold each year, as to find anyone with the slightest pretention to good breeding so careless in the covering of her hands as to be open to the taunt in "As You Like It": "I verily did think that her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands." Fortunately, except for occasional freaks of fashion, the price of these requisites is moderate, compared with what was paid for them in days gone by, when glove-money was given to servants, and expensive gloves were a customary New-Year's gift. The present once given by a nobleman to each of an expectant file of men in livery, who lined the hall as he passed out to his carriage, would not have gone far in this direction. The story goes that he handed to each of them a new farthing, wrapped in silver paper, and that when the butler hastened after him to call his attention to this "mistake," he waved him back with the words, "I assure you that *I never give less*." Of quite an opposite sort was the conduct of Sir Thomas More, when as Lord Chancellor he decreed in favour of Mrs. Croaker against Lord Arundel. In her gratitude she sent to him, on the following New-Year's Day, a pair of gloves containing forty angels. "It would be against good manners," said the Chancellor, "to forsake a gentlewoman's New-Year's gift, and I accept the gloves: their *lining* you will be pleased otherwise to bestow."

A goodly sum was paid for a pair of richly-embroidered gloves in the time of Queen Anne; but this was as nothing in comparison with the fancy prices paid for such as were of historical value. It is recorded that at the Earl of Arran's sale, April 6, 1759, the gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny were bought for £38 17s.; those given by James I. to Edward Denny, for £22 4s.; while the mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, sold for £25 4s.

Most men are aware of the danger they incur if they are caught napping in the daytime, and are prepared to provide the pair of gloves which can be claimed: for is not the penalty itself well paid for if the lips that snatch the awakening kiss are sweet and fair? But men and maidens all must be alert in many parts of northern England once in every month, for custom has decreed that whoever shall first glimpse the new moon may pounce on any member of the company with a kiss, which wins, as its consequence, a new pair of gloves. Akin to this was the old game of "Draw-Gloves," a pastime mentioned in some quaint lines, which are dated 1657:—

At Draw-Gloves we'll play,
And prithee let's lay
A wager, and let it be this:
Who first to the summe
Of twenty doth come,
Shall have for his winning a kisse!

An early writer quaintly says, "Dogs have an aversion from gloves, that make their ware of dogs' skins; they will bark at and be churlish to them, and not endure to come near them." If it is true that many modern kid gloves are made of rats' skins, we may be thankful that the original possessors of these coverings are too retiring in their habits during the daytime to show the like resentment.

Surely we may conclude that gloves are as varied in their associations as they are in their sorts and sizes, from the clumsy boxing-glove, to the fine kid, which, though large enough for actual wear, can be folded within a walnut shell.

THE FITZALAN CHAPEL, ARUNDEL.

The funeral of the late Duchess of Norfolk, whose death has occasioned much regret, took place in the Duke's family vault in the Fitzalan Chapel, which is architecturally part of St. Nicholas Church, the parish church of Arundel. That small town of Sussex, consisting mainly of one steep street, ascending from the river Arun to the Castle, which has an ancient Norman Keep adjoining the Duke's modern mansion, was formerly a mere appendage to the feudal fortress.

A description of Arundel Castle, as No. X. of the series called "English Homes," with accompanying illustrations, was given on April 9, as the Extra Supplement to our Journal for that week.

The Earls of Arundel during three centuries, from 1243 to 1580, were the Fitzalans, who had intermarried with the house of Albini, the possessors of this place and title since 1118. The daughter and heiress of Henry Fitzalan, last Earl of that family, married Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, from whom the present Duke inherits the earldom of Arundel.

The Church of St. Nicholas was built in 1380, when Richard Fitzalan, who was some years afterwards beheaded for opposing the favourite minions of King Richard II., founded a College of the Holy Trinity at this place. It consisted of a Master and twelve Canons, who superseded the older Benedictine priory founded by one of the preceding Norman Earls, Roger De Montgomery. The beautiful Fitzalan Chapel, of which the late Mr. S. Read drew an illustration for this Journal, contains the tombs of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, son of Earl Richard, the founder above mentioned, and his Countess, Beatrix, daughter of King John of Portugal; the cenotaph of John Fitzalan, seventeenth Earl, who died in 1434, killed in the French wars, and who was buried at Beauvais; the fine chantry tomb of William, nineteenth Earl, and his Countess, Joan, dating about 1488; and two or three of the sixteenth century. There were no monuments of any of the Howard family, but several of them were interred in the chapel.

Seven years ago, there was a dispute before the courts of law whether the Fitzalan Chapel properly belonged to Arundel College or to the parish church. The College, as a monastic foundation, was surrendered to King Henry VIII., but was re-granted by the Crown to the son-in-law of the Earl of Arundel, Thomas Howard, who was ancestor of the present Duke of Norfolk. No religious services had since been performed in the chapel, and the Earls or Dukes had kept it locked up, though separated only by an iron lattice-work from the interior of the adjacent church. It was contended, however, that, as the Earls and Dukes were lay rectors of the parish church, it was in that official capacity, and not simply as proprietors of the old College buildings, that they held possession of the chapel. The present Duke of Norfolk being a Roman Catholic, this litigation between him and the Vicar of Arundel, on behalf of the parishioners and the Established Church, seemed of more than mere antiquarian interest. It was finally decided in favour of the Duke of Norfolk, the previous judgment of Lord Coleridge being confirmed by that of the Supreme Court.

The result of the polling for the Free Libraries Act in Islington shows that 10,102 voted for and 15,776 against it. One-third of the ratepayers did not vote.

On the recommendation of the Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee, the Corporation of London have voted £1000 to the City and Guilds of London Institute, £500 to Guy's Hospital, £52 10s. to the Corporation for middle-class education, and £21 to the Hammersmith Industrial Exhibition Society.

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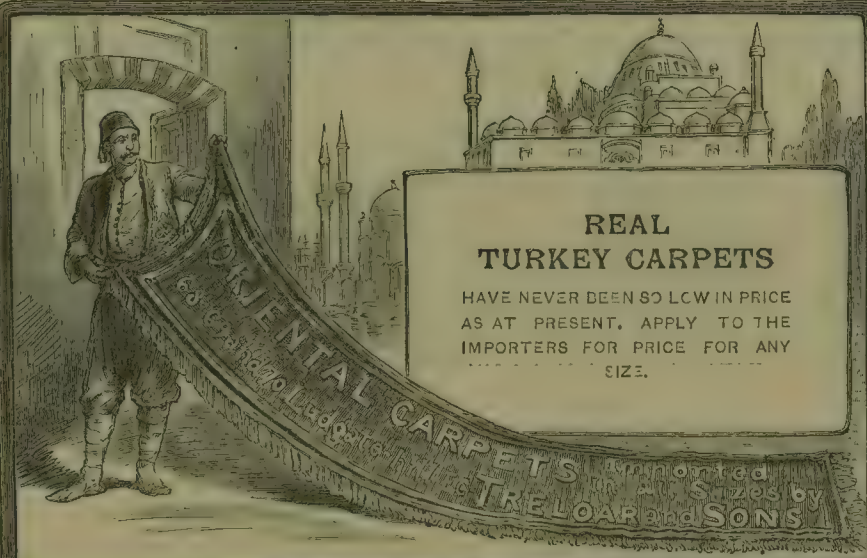
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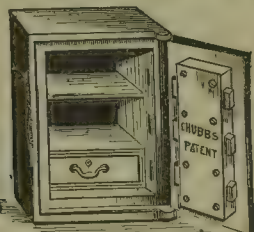
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Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
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FRANÇOIS FLAMENG.



GUSTAVE BOULANGER.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ARTISTS.

The following brief memoirs of some distinguished French painters, whose portraits are presented this week, have been compiled from authentic information. Charles Louis Muller, of Paris, born in 1815, was a pupil of Gros and Léon Cogniet. He passed through the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and began to send pictures to the Salon in 1836. His picture of the "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem," painted for King Louis Philippe, in 1844, was approved by popular opinion. In 1850 he exhibited "Victims of the Terror: the Roll-call of the Condemned." This picture, which is regarded as the most important of the painter's works, reappeared in 1855, when it was bought by the State, and was for a time at the Luxembourg, but has been removed to Versailles. His other works show much versatility of genius. He has exhibited many portraits, the most famous being "Children of Comte Léon de Laborde." He has also decorated the Salle des États, at the Louvre, with seven panels—"Work," "Religion," "The Constitution," "War," "Peace," "Charlemagne," and "Napoleon I." M. Muller is a member of the Institute. On the whole, he must be regarded as an historical painter; and his career was simultaneous with the outburst of historical genius in France—a characteristic of the generation that has nearly passed away.

Gustave Boulanger, born in 1824, of Creole descent, was left an orphan at fourteen years of age. A visit to Algeria, where he was sent on business for his uncle, awakened the young artist's powers. On his return to Paris, he entered the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and obtained the Prix de Rome in 1849. Like Poussin, he imbibed the spirit of antiquity among the ruins of Pagan Rome; nor was he unaffected by the Rome of the Renaissance and its Titanic representative, Michel Angelo. But the list of M. Boulanger's works shows that he has not yielded wholly to those particular influences, his interest being apparently divided between Romans of the Empire and Arabs of the Desert. In 1848, he exhibited "Indians Playing with Panthers"; followed by "A Moorish Café," "Acis and Galatea," "Democritus as a Child," "Julius Cæsar at the Rubicon," "Arab Scouts," "Maestro Palestrina," "A Rehearsal in the House of the Tragic Poet at Pompeii," "Arab Shepherds," "Lucretia," "Lesbia," "Hercules at the Feet of Omphale," "Rehearsal of the Flute-player and the Wife of Diomedes," "Julius Cæsar at the Head of the Tenth Legion," "Khails—the Rout"; "The Cella Frigidaria"; "Horsemen of the Sahara"; "Catherine I. at the House of Mehmet Baltadji, discussing the Treaty of the Pruth in 1711"; "A Trader in Crowns at Pompeii"; and other works produced during twenty years. He exhibited in 1869, his pictures of "The Arab Story-teller," and "Promenade on the Way of the Tombs at Pompeii"; in 1870, "An Emir—Souvenir of Old Blidah"; in 1872, "Waiting for the Lord and Master"; in 1873, "A Scene at Biskra"; in 1874, "The Applan Way in the Time of Augustus"; and "The Gynæceum." He executed about this time the paintings of the dancers' green-room at the New Opera-house. His pictures of 1876 were—"A Summer Bath," "Pompeii," "Roman Comedians Rehearsing their Parts"; 1877, "St. Sebastian and the Emperor Maximian Hercules"; 1878, "The Triclinium, Summer Feast, at the House of Lucullus." Among his recent pictures are "The Flabellifer" (a slave carrying a fan); "The Source of the Tiber," "A Jewish Water-carrier," "The Mother of the Gracchi," and "A Slave-dealer's Shop at Rome." M. Boulanger has painted the ceiling of the theatre at Monte Carlo, illustrating Music there as he illustrated the Dance at the New Opera. But his greatest decorative work is considered to be that at the Mairie of the XIIIe. Arrondissement, Paris, where, in addition to the subjects already mentioned, he has represented "Work," "The Family," "Study," "Maternity," and "The Law." M. Boulanger is a member of the Institute.

Antoine Vallon was born at Lyons in 1833, and was apprenticed to engraving. His first picture exhibited at Lyons, called "After the Ball," had such success that he was encouraged to go to Paris. For a time he painted religious subjects. In 1864 he exhibited a picture which he entitled "Art and Gluttony," and thenceforward he has had nothing but success. One of his pictures in 1872, called "New-Year's Day," was a heap of oranges, bonbons, and sweetmeats, with Polichinello in a red cap and blue coat. At the same Salon was exhibited "The Caldron," a marvel of blazing colour. In 1874 he contributed "A Corner of the Market"; in 1875, "The Played Pig," fit, it has been said, to hang by the side of Rembrandt's "Ox in the Butcher's Shop"; and another picture, representing "Armour," now at the Luxembourg. In 1876 appeared his "Femme de Pollet," a fisherwoman walking on the shore, a huge basket at her back; in 1878, at the Exposition Universelle, he showed another powerful figure subject—a Spaniard seated at the corner of a table; and an armour piece, "The Helmet of Henry III." Some small dead birds, remarkable for the painting of the plumage, formed the subject he treated in a picture in 1833. It has been seen that M. Vallon is pre-eminent as a painter of still-life and dead nature; but he succeeds in all he undertakes; his figures have the poetry of truth, and his portraits have a charm of their own; his landscapes, too, are highly appreciated; he has twice painted the old Port of Marseilles.

Jules Lefèvre is a painter of the nude, remarkable for the ideality, grace, and delicacy of his figures. Born in 1836, his early days were spent in his father's business at Amiens till he came to Paris, and was received by Cogniet into his studio. He succeeded in a competition at Amiens, causing the Municipality to grant him a small pension. In gratitude to his first drawing-master, M. Fusiller, he painted his portrait, which was his first Salon picture, and which was exhibited in 1855. Three years he struggled for the Prix de Rome, and in 1861 was victorious, his picture being "The Death of Priam." He resided five years in Rome, and during that time sent to the Salon "Roman Charity," now in the Museum of Milan; "The Bathers," "A Nymph and Bacchus," now at the Luxembourg; "Pilgrimage to the Convent of San Benedetto," and "A Young Girl Sleeping." In 1866 he sent his "Young Man Painting a Tragic Mask," now in the Museum of Auxerre, a work which gained him reputation; in 1867 appeared his "Pius IX. at St. Peter's"; and, in 1870, "Truth." This is a female figure, in full light, emerging from a dark background, holding on high above her head, in her right hand, a blazing mirror; and in her left a hook, by which she seems to be dragging to the light the master Error. It is at the Luxembourg. In 1872 appeared "La Cigale"; in 1874, a "Portrait of the Prince Imperial"; in 1875, "A Dream" and "Chloë"; in 1876, "Magdalen"; and subsequently, year after year, "Pandora," "Mignon," "Diana Surprised," "La Fiammetta" (from Boccaccio) and "Undine," "The Bride," "Psyche," "Aurora," and "Laura," besides many portraits.

Tony Robert Fleury is the son of the celebrated Robert Fleury, whose works at the Luxembourg are among the most interesting of the historical paintings in that collection. The son, born at Paris in 1837, was educated for the medical profession, but was irresistibly drawn to art; and being encouraged by Paul Delaroche, entered that painter's studio, till, on Delaroche dying, he became a pupil of Léon Cogniet. In 1862, he went to Italy, whence he sent to the Salon of 1864

two studies, those of "A Young Roman Girl" and "A Child Embracing a Relic." Returning the same year to Paris, his sympathies led him to a subject then exciting much interest in France: the Polish struggle against the Russian domination. His picture was called "Varsovie," but its title might have been the famous phrase, "Order reigns at Warsaw"; it was exhibited in 1866. In the following year appeared his picture of "The Old Market-woman of the Piazza Navona at Rome," and a scene in the neighbourhood of the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, which picture is at the Luxembourg. In 1870 he exhibited "The Last Days of Corinth," with the Consul Mummius and the Roman legions; this picture is also at the Luxembourg. "The Danaïdes," "Charlotte Corday at Caen," and "Pinel Delivering the Insane at the Salpêtrière in 1795," were among the next works of the painter. He decorated part of a ceiling at the Luxembourg with the "Glorification of French Sculpture." His recent works include "Vauban Fortifying Belfort," "Mazarin and his Nieces," and "Richelieu Playing with his Cats"; besides several portraits, and the study of a head called "Ophelia."

Carolus Duran, a masterly portrayer of the women of modern Parisian society, was born at Lille in 1838. In early life he endured severe struggles; but in 1861 obtained a prize which enabled him to go to Italy. At first, he took up his abode with the Franciscans at Subiaco; thence he went to Rome, where he led an isolated but very industrious life. He sent to the Paris Salon, in 1866, a picture which created a sensation by its strange colouring and vivid reality, and which was called "L'Assassiné"; it is now in the Museum at Lille. Not long afterwards he went to Spain, when Velasquez exerted a strong influence over him, and he became, above all, a portrait painter. In 1870 appeared his famous portrait of Madame Feydeau. During the Commune he was at Brussels, where he painted the "Dame Rousse," exhibited at the Salon in 1872. His portrait of M. Emile de Girardin, painted in 1876, reappeared again at the Exhibition of the Portraits of the Century, in 1883. We should also mention a series of decorations which he painted for the Luxembourg, entitled "Gloria Mariae Medicis." Since 1880, M. Duran has not exhibited at the Salon. His portraits of persons known in society are much in vogue, and he also portrays infancy with charming effect.

Jean Charles Cazin, born in 1841, is a son of Dr. Cazin, of Boulogne-sur-Mer. After exhibiting some pictures in the Salons of 1864 and 1865, he devoted himself to teaching art, both at the "Ecole Nationale de Dessin" and at the "Ecole Spéciale d'Architecture," afterwards in an art school at Tours, where he had three hundred pupils. From 1871 to 1875 M. Cazin was living in England, Italy, and Holland. Some of his earlier works were painted on wax, a process akin to the Greek method of encaustic painting, and which has to be worked somewhat after the manner of fresco painting. "The Timber-yard," exhibited in 1876, and the "Flight into Egypt," were executed by this process. In 1879 M. Cazin exhibited "L'Art," a portion of the decorations of a ceiling. In 1880 he sent to the Salon "Ishmael and Hagar," now at the Luxembourg, and the "Departure of Tobias," now in the Museum of Lille. At the exhibition of the Decorative Arts, in 1881, a room was wholly devoted to M. Cazin's works—paintings, sculptures, potteries, and other things. In 1881 he sent to the Salon a great symbolic painting, now at the Hôtel de Ville of Paris, called "Souvenir de Fête." In 1883 appeared his "Judith," one of those pictures which, once seen, it is impossible to forget. It was the first of a series comprising seven great compositions. During three successive years he sent many pictures to the International Exhibition, at the Galerie Georges-Petit; while exhibiting, also, at the Cercle Volney, and at Vienna, Amsterdam, and Antwerp, besides being a member of the juries of those exhibitions. At present he has in hand a commission from the State for the decoration of a room in the New Sorbonne; he is also engaged on his third painting illustrating the history of Judith, and on several pictures for England.

Benjamin Constant is a namesake of the distinguished leader of the party of political freedom under the Restoration. Both were descended, collaterally, from the same family of the old noblesse; the one from the De Constants de Rebecque, the other, the painter, from the De Constants de Salinié. The latter, born in 1845, was educated at Toulouse; in 1867, he entered the Ecole des Beaux-Arts of Paris, becoming a pupil of M. Cabanel. His first Salon picture (1869) represented "Hamlet Hesitating to Kill the King," whom Hamlet finds praying. This picture was bought by the Government, and is now at the Museum of Tarbes. In 1870 he exhibited an allegorical picture, now at the Museum of Perpignan, entitled "Too Late," in which Glory and Fortune knock at the door of a poet, which is opened by Death. In 1875, he exhibited "Prisoners in Morocco"; in 1876, "Mahomet II. Entering Constantinople"; in 1878, "Thirst": where some prisoners in Morocco, led in chains across the desert, have reached a thread of water, filtering through the sand, and have fallen flat on the ground to drink; this is considered by the painter one of his best works. In 1879, "Evening on the Housetops," a souvenir of Morocco, and "The Favourites of the Emir." In 1880, "An Hérodiade." In 1881, "The Last Rebels," the chiefs of the revolted tribes, both living and dead, brought before the Sultan, who is seated at the gates of the city of Morocco. In 1882, "The Day after a Victory at the Alhambra" and "The Cadi, Tahamy." In 1884, "Les Chérifas," a harem interior, which was purchased by an amateur, and presented to the Museum of Carcassonne. In 1885, "Justice of the Chérif," the execution of several women by order of their master. In 1886, "Justinian and his Council." In 1887, "Orpheus"; and another picture—that of the Empress Theodosia, seated on a throne of white marble. The painter is about to commence a series of five great compositions for the Salle de Conseil at the New Sorbonne. M. Benjamin Constant is married to a granddaughter of the astronomer François Arago. This painter is one of the most brilliant of those French artists who have found inspiration in Algeria.

Jean Baptiste Edouard Detaille, the well-known military painter, was born at Paris in the revolutionary year of 1848. He passed quickly through his University studies, notwithstanding his passion for drawing. The years 1865 and 1866 were spent in Meissonier's studio, which he painted as his first Salon picture; and the next two years were spent with Meissonier on the shores of the Mediterranean. He painted, while there, "Cuirassiers Shoeing their Horses." To the Salon of 1868 he sent "A Halt of Drummers"; in the following year he exhibited "Grenadiers of the Guard Standing at Ease," "Incredibles at the Luxembourg" (in the costume of the Directory), "Reading the Journals in a Public Garden" (of the same period), "At the Railing of a Public Garden" (First Empire), and a water-colour drawing, "Cuirassiers in 1799." Besides these he finished, in 1869, the following works:—"A Café under the Directory," "The Plan of Campaign," "At the Luxembourg: Two Citizens in Discussion," and "A General at the Outpost" (First Empire), a water-colour drawing. His first great success was at the Salon of 1870, with his "Combat Between the Cossacks and the Guards of Honour." In the same year he exhibited several drawings in water

colour—namely, "Halt of Cavalry"; "Reading the Posters" (under the Directory); "A Young Muscadin," or dandy of the same period, and "A General bivouacking" (First Empire). In April, 1870, he went to Algeria and to Spain. On his return, the Franco-German War had just broken out, a circumstance which probably determined the bent of his artistic career. He had a large painting in hand, a kind of French Derby Day—women loling in carriages, men on horseback, with all the parade of levity characteristic of Parisian fashion; but in a moment he was torn away, and flung into the midst of the terrible realities of war. At first serving in the Garde Mobile, engaged in the defence of Paris, he became secretary to General Appert. He saw and made a picture of the battle of Bry-sur-Marne; and "Collecting the Dead" is another souvenir of that sad time. After the war he travelled in Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland; and, in 1872, exhibited at Goupil's Gallery a work which excited the wrath of the German press—"Prussians Removing from a House in the neighbourhood of Paris"; also, "Prussian Convoys." At the Salon of 1873 appeared "En Retraite," another episode of the campaign of 1870. It was followed by his "Charge of the 9th Cuirassiers in the village of Morsbronn." In the same year the artist travelled through northern Italy, from Genoa to Venice. In 1875 his "Defiling on the Boulevard" was exhibited; in 1876, "Reconnoitring"; and in 1877, "Saluting the Wounded." In the Salon of 1878 appeared his "Bonaparte in Egypt after the Battle with the Mamelukes"; in 1879 the "Battle of Champigny," another terrible souvenir of 1870. In 1881 appeared the "Distribution of Flags." In the same year, he made a campaign, with General Vincendon, in the province of Tunis. In 1883, he travelled in Austria, and in 1884, he passed a month with the Czar in the camp of Krasnoé Selo, and visited afterwards Moscow, Berlin, and other cities. Since 1881, M. Detaille has exhibited "The Port of Bizerta," "The Column of Vincendon at Tunis," "Attack on a Convoy, 1870," "The Battlefield of Bezonsville," and several of his water-colour drawings in Russia. During four years past he has been engaged on a work presenting the various types and costumes of the French army, from 1789 to this day, for which he has already made about four hundred water-colour drawings.

François Flameng, the painter of some of the most dramatic scenes in the French Revolution, was born in 1856, at Paris. He breathed the atmosphere of art from the cradle, being a son of the famous engraver Leopold Flameng. It would be difficult to say at what moment he began to draw, as he can hardly recollect the time when he had not a pencil in his hand. He followed his father's art, engraving for several important publications, at the same time pursuing his studies in painting under Cabanel and J. P. Laurens. His first picture at the Salon was called "The Music-desk." This was followed, in 1876, by a picture of "Barbarossa Visiting the Tomb of Charlemagne." Another striking work, in 1879, was "L'Appel des Girondins" (summoning them to execution, Oct. 30, 1793). This picture gained him the Prix de Salon, given to enable young artists to perfect themselves by travelling. M. Flameng spent two years in Italy, studying Italian art under every aspect; later on, he travelled in Spain, in the East, and in other countries. On his return from Italy, in 1881, he exhibited "The Taking of the Bastille, July 14, 1789"; in 1882, "Camille Desmoulins"; in 1883, "A Duel"; in 1884, the "Massacre of Machécaul" (an episode of the War of La Vendée); and in 1885, "Marie Antoinette going to Execution." Among his other pictures are "Players at Bowls," "The 31st of October at Versailles," "Jean Bart at Versailles," and "Gun Practice at Dieppe in 1795." Since 1883, this indefatigable painter has made forty pictures. He has just finished a series of decorations for the New Sorbonne at Paris.

R. H.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Believe Me" is the title of a song, the words and music of which are both by Hamilton Aidé. The lines are graceful and sentimental, and the music is flowingly melodious and thoroughly expressive of the text. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Listen, Mary!" by J. L. Molloy, in which a simple melody is enhanced by good harmonic treatment in the accompaniment. The same publishers also issue "My Lady's Bower," sung by Hope Temple, in which an unpretentious vocal melody is well set off by an accompaniment in piquant dance style. "O Best Beloved," sung by E. Bucalossi, is from the same house. It has a pleasing vocal melody, to which an intermediate modulation to the relative minor key gives a good effect of variety. Messrs. Boosey and Co. also publish "Six Humorous Songs," which have much piquant character. They are given with banjo and piano-forte accompaniments, to be used either separately or together.

"Eve": A Mystery, in three parts. By J. Massenet (Joseph Williams). This is a production by one of the most prominent French composers of the day, several of whose works have been heard in this country—notably his grand opera "Le Roi de Lahore," a version of which was brought out at our Royal Italian Opera in 1879. The original text of "Eve" is by M. Louis Gallet; a close translation in English, by Dr. Hueffer, being supplied in the neat and inexpensive edition now referred to. The work is divided into three parts—a prologue, "The Birth of Woman," "Eve in Solitude," and "The Fall"—supplemented by an epilogue. The music consists of choruses and pieces for solo voices, in which there is much expressive and dramatic writing, with indications of a strongly marked individuality of style that is above the average of recent productions of the kind. The work is well worth the attention of choral societies, public and private.

"Six Vocal Duets for Soprano and Contralto," by Franz Abt (Forsyth Brothers). The name of the composer of so much successful vocal music is sufficient guarantee of merit. The duets now referred to—settings of graceful lines by Edward Oxenford—are flowing and melodious pieces, in which the two voices, soprano and contralto, are used in effective alternation and combination. They will be widely acceptable in drawing-room circles.

"The Empire Flag" is one of the many musical tributes called forth by the Jubilee year. This patriotic song is for a solo voice, with chorus; some stirring lines written by Mr. S. Reid and Mr. W. A. Barrett being set to appropriate music by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, who has produced a piece in which boldly marked rhythmic strains offer good opportunity for effective declamation. The choral refrain enhances the impression of the song. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. are the publishers.

At Bicester yesterday week Lord Jersey presented "Dick Stovin," on vacating his position as huntsman to the Bicester Hounds, with a silver watch, engraved with monogram and inscription, together with a purse of 800 guineas from subscribers, including Prince Albert Victor and the members and followers of the hunt. Lady Valentia also presented Stovin, on behalf of the ladies of the hunt, with a silver hunting-horn.—At a meeting at Dorchester last Saturday Mr. L. H. R. Phipps, of Westbury, was appointed Master of the Catlistock or West Dorset Foxhounds.

"AT FULL SPEED."

The prospect of summer weather—for June and July will come after May this year, as in former years, and we shall again be warned with luncheon—brings to remembrance the past enjoyment of calm and bright hours on the water, and of the sweet indolence of brief holiday voyages on the placid river, with the soothing, yet invigorating sensation of smooth gliding motion, in a steam-launch rapidly gliding between the verdant banks, passing quiet villages, fair villa-gardens, meadows and green pastures, and wooded hills behind them. It is not exercise, but repose under healthy conditions of fresh air, cheerful daylight, and continual change of views, with ample leisure for pleasant and careless talk, and for some persons, it may be, with a little opportunity of wild flirtation, that is afforded by such aquatic excursions. A luncheon or a dinner somewhere or other may be provided, to consolidate the wholesome experiences of the day, and the popping of champagne-corks will be an agreeable salute of welcome.

These young ladies are far better instructed in the resources of civilization than the immortal "She" of Mr. Rider Haggard's African romance, who knew not, wise Queen as she was, the use of a boat, and who decreed the doom of "the thing that floats," as an unallowable novelty intruding on the inland waters of her mysterious dominion. They would doubtless be glad to indulge the fancy of meeting with some strange adventure that should not imperil their liberty and safety, by passing up the side channel, divided by an islet overgrown with osiers from the main stream of the river; but this course seems to be forbidden by a warning that it is private property. One of them, who is just now taking her turn at the steering-wheel, appears fully intent on the vigilant performance of her task, while the practised eye of the man in responsible charge, sparing a few moments from the care of his engine, looks out to see that "she" is going right. Her companions have an easy time, and find leisure to contemplate each other in the long pauses of conversation, or surrender themselves, by mutual tacit consent, to the passive delight of an agreeable situation.

THE KEY OF EL DORADO.

Guarding with the curve of their far-stretched chain the mouth of the Carib Sea, the Windward Islands are indeed the Gates of the West—the gates of that golden region whose riches fired the adventurous spirits of Queen Elizabeth's day. The bluff-bowed ships of Raleigh, Drake, and Granville have sailed these seas, with the hardly less real craft of Anaya Leigh and Salvation Yeo. Here has happened many a stout fight with Spanish galleon and galleasse gold-laden; the blue blood of Castile and the muddy life of Merrie England have perished these waves; and in the far depths below, the bones of buccanier and conquistador lie together upon the sunken treasure they fought for. Fairer memories as well, and of a later day, have their home in these Hesperides. From the West Indian island of Martinique it was that the all-accomplished Josephine passed who was to see one husband fall under the guillotine of the Reign of Terror, to sit for a time on the iron throne of France by the side of the great Napoleon, and to

die at last, divorced, of a broken heart. Here, too, at the home of his bride in the little Isle of Nevis, Nelson, far from the thunder of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, spent the first quiet days of married life. Every creek, almost, of the islands has been fought for; and though the roar of these battles died centuries ago along the deep, their memory lends its human interest still. As the steamer makes its way down the leeward side of St. Lucia, it cannot be forgotten that it was on the top of the Pigeon Rock inshore on the left, Rodney, in the April of 1782, sat day after day watching for the coming of the French fleet from Martinique; or that it was on that sunlit sea behind, rolling under the steady trade-wind, that he presently shattered the array of the Count De Grasse.

Four years earlier, in 1778, Rodney had advised the British Government to fortify St. Lucia, considering that, with its matchless land-locked roadstead and its position to windward, it held command of all the other islands. This advice, after somewhat more than a hundred years of consideration, it has at last been decided to carry



"AT FULL SPEED."—FROM THE PICTURE BY J. STEWART.

out—when funds can be got from Parliament. Meanwhile, this magnificent harbour, with Castries at its head, the most valuable coaling-station among the islands, lies altogether unprotected, a striking contrast to Port Royal, in the neighbouring French island of Martinique, whose roadstead bristles with defences. Even the old fort on the almost impregnable height of Morne Fortuée, here, above Castries, has been turned into an almshouse. Yet it was up the eight hundred feet of that terrible Morne Fortuée, over rocks and undergrowth and across ravines, that, in 1776, at fearful cost, Moore and Abercrombie dragged their guns to attack and capture the last desperate resort of the French and negroes in the island—an essential was it considered for the safety of her other West Indian possessions that Britain should command this harbour.

Far away, at the south end of St. Lucia, before entering the roadstead of Castries, appear those strange twin sentinels of the island—the Pitons, conical rock-stacks almost three thousand feet high, whose sides, rising sheer out of the sea-depths, have never yet been scaled. The most beautiful, perhaps, of all the Windward Islands, St. Lucia owes much to these huge obelisks, whose peaks lend a wild picturesqueness to most of its views. Inland from the Pitons

lies the Soufrière, the extinct volcano of the island, with green wood-grown sides and ragged lips, from which it has been suggested that in time of war an unending supply of sulphur could be had. The bottom of the ancient crater is crusted with this yellow mineral, and as with that other marvel of the West Indies, the Pitch Lake of Trinidad, however much of the product is removed no difference becomes apparent in the quantity remaining. Ages ago the Titan there hurled his last frantic defiance against Heaven. He is dead now, and a little old-world town nestles among the mora-trees, where the sea's blue waters wash the mountain foot.

As the ship steams in towards the land, details of the country begin to be made out. Here, on the leeward side of the island, the trade-winds do not take effect; and in the clear blue mirror of the sea at their base, the hills and their herbage are photographed without a break. Inshore a curious craft, with tapering lateen sails, is lying becalmed; and, further off, a brig, with a white secured to its side, is busy eating up its prey, like some great spider devouring a captured fly. For at certain seasons a fair amount of whaling is carried on in these seas. On the hillside above, the turfed tops of the cabbage palms already appear conspicuous among the marvellous rich greenery

of the woods, while here and there rises a blaze of saffron or scarlet from some tree in the glory of flower. Away above and behind all this, with its rich colour and its tropical sunshine, rise the dark highlands of the interior, half hid amid their grey wreaths of mist and trailing fringes of rain.

Steadily the steamer throbs on up the Grand Cul de Sac, as the roadstead is called, to the little wooden town of Castries, basking in its cooling wharves and ancient caravans, under the hills. The caravans are not used now, except by small coasting-craft; and vessels of any size requiring repairs have to betake themselves to the neighbouring French harbour in Martinique. With the stoppage of the engines the fierce heat of the tropics, tempered until now by the refreshing breeze of the ship's motion, at once makes itself felt, and one cannot help envying the little black boys who, like so many enterprising frogs, swim out to and about the vessel, and dive to any depth in the clear water for the coins thrown to them. Presently, however, the steamer is warped in to the quay side, and scarcely are the gangways down before the coaling begins. In an incessant stream, pouring on board by one gangway and leaving the ship by another, move these black figures, mostly women, with the baskets of

coal on their heads, their sable countenances relieved only by the white gleam of eyes and teeth. With continual shouting and chatter the work goes on, and it is surprising in how short a space of time by this primitive method the ship's bunkers are filled. To escape the noise and dust one is glad to get upon pony-back, and ride up the road towards the Government House on Morne Fortuée. A matchless view is to be had there of the little red-roofed town below, its shingles glistening in the sun, and the blue ocean beyond, shimmering peacefully in the sun. Inland, here and there, the road passes the ground, where a plentiful crop of little black children is growing wild among the fantastic tropical vegetation. There the broad-leaved banana hangs its whorls of golden fruit, while the knotted stems of the cassava, the creeping vine of the yams, the sugar-canes with their white arrow-dower, and the scrambling pumpkin riot in profusion. A pleasant easy life the negro leads on his little patch of Paradise; but the grimy life of the ship's stokers yonder, or the sunless lives of thousands in our city slums at home.

G. E. T.

Some time ago, Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, an American, we believe, by birth, published a series of twelve volumes—"Through the Year with the Poets"—in which he brought together all that English and American poets and versemen have written about each month of the year. The labour involved in producing such an anthology must have been great, and it is to be hoped that the reward has been great also. He will, at least, have won the hearty thanks of many a poetry lover. We have now received from Mr. Adams's pen a tasteful-looking volume, entitled *Poet Laureate Idyls and other Poems* (Boston: Lothrop and Co.), which, with a pleasant vein of humour, is at once imitative and original. It must have been a happy and mirthful moment when Mr. Adams conceived the idea of travestying Lord Tennyson's Arthurian Idyls with the help of familiar nursery rhymes: The Queen of Hearts, who, as we all know, made some tarts on a summer day, supplies the argument of the first idyl. Isolt, the Cornish Queen, in the absence of her husband and of her lover, Tristram, goes into the Royal kitchen to make the pastry—

All sweetness seem'd her face, and music seem'd
Her voice, when she entreated one to bring
His cook's white apron for her Royal use.

How the tarts were made; how Prince Gawain stole them; and how, leaping to saddle, he was pursued, taken, and brought before the Queen, must be read in Mr. Adams's Tennysonian lines, for we have little room for quotation. Space, however, we must find for the song of the Maid who was hanging out the clothes, when the blackbird came and snipped off her nose:—

Rub, rub and scrub! the soap is on the shelf!
There's many a one much wiser than myself;
But not an old man counting o'er his pe.f.

Rub, rub and scrub ! the soap is here by me ;
And soap is such to me, if not to thee ;
And whether soap or soda, let it be.

Rub, scrub and rub ! and the slack clothes-line blows.
 Scrub, rub and-scrub, and where is she ? who knows
 From one wash to another wash she goes.

At this time, as our readers will remember, the Queen was in the pantry, eating bread-and-honey, until, in the drowsy calm, she grew—according to the poet—

Forgetful wholly of her lord the King ;
 Forgetful of the honey on her gown ;
 Forgetful of the dinner to be cook'd ;
 Forgetful of the swift-approaching noon ;
 Forgetful of her kitchen and its cares.

We should like to introduce Tom the Piper's Son in this new version of the story:—

Thomas the young, Thomas the mischievous ;
Thomas the dark-brow'd lad of Camelot ;

and also little Miss Muffet, who is transformed into a maiden attendant on Queen Guinevere; but verse of this character, unfortunately, cannot be appreciated unless ample extracts are given, and for these the room at our disposal does not admit. The little volume has more in it to be commended than the "Poet Laureate Idyls." Mr. Adams's "other poems" show a nature finely touched, and open to poetic influences. Very charming are the verses headed "What's the Sweetest News in Spring?" And several fine sonnets—two, especially, entitled "Indifference" and "High-Water Mark"—will please all sonnet-lovers. Indeed, if this volume be Mr. Adams's first venture in the happy fields of verse, we may expect to hear from him again.

Poets and artists give some of their best work to the children now-a-days, and in *Rhymes for the Young Folks*, by William Allingham (Cassell and Co.), the poet's charming

verses have obtained from the pencil of his wife and other well-known artists the daintiest of illustrations. Of Mr. Allingham's gift as a poet for children, no one will doubt who has read his well-known song of "The Fairies," or the equally well-known "Robin Redbreast," and Mrs. Allingham's skill in the delineation of child-life was the delight of every one who visited the exhibition of her works a year or two ago. In this volume three or four of her drawings are coloured, as illustrations should be in a book for young folk; but there is an engraving upon page 43 of a mother and child which is likely to give grown-up people even more pleasure. Comparisons seem idle when everything in the book of Rhymes is so pleasing; but here we have also some charming specimens of Kate Greenaway's craft, and it is interesting to note the perfect art of these ladies, and the wide difference between them. Miss Greenaway could not, we think, have designed "Amy Margaret," nor could Mrs. Allingham have produced the pretty illustration of "The Bubble." Both artists, indeed, are as original as their work is delightful. As for Mr. Allingham's "Rhymes," where all are good there is nothing to be done by a reviewer except to drop criticism, and to be satisfied with enjoyment. Most readers, however, whether old or young, will have their favourites, and the two poems already mentioned having found their way into selections, are the most popular. "A Swing Song," "Ambition," "The Bird," and "Here and There," are all capital songs for children; and here is a musical little piece which, thanks to its brevity, may be quoted:—

I saw a little Birdie fly,
Merrily piping came he;
"Whom d'y'e sing to, Bird?" said I,
"Sing?—I sing to Amy!"

"Very sweet you sing," I said;
 "Then," quoth he, "to pay me,
 Give one little crumb of bread,
 A little smile from Amy!"

"Just," he sings, "one little smile;
O, a frown would slay me!
Thanks; and now I'm gone awhile,
Fare-you-well, dear Amy!"

On the opposite page there is Amy herself, dearest of small girls, sitting on a rustic bench, under an apple-tree laden with blossoms, and there, too, is the bird, looking as if he felt quite at home with such a sweet companion. We should like to have the chance of sitting under that apple-tree, and of sharing with the redbreast "a little smile from Amy!"

There is great refinement and much felicity of expression in a tiny volume entitled *The Legend of Saint Vitalis, and other Poems*, by Alfred J. Church, M.A. (Seeley and Co.). The reader will, in the first place, be attracted by the preface, in which the author states: "These few verses are all that I have been able to do towards realising one of the dreams of my life—the winning of a place, though it were but the 'lowest room,' among English poets." They have been written, Mr. Church adds pathetically, at rare intervals during a period of nearly forty years, and he cannot now expect the health, the spirits, or the leisure by which he might accomplish more. The feeling so frankly expressed by Mr. Church has, no doubt, saddened many a graceful versifier who has hoped, and vainly, that for England's sake he might "sing a song at least" that would keep its place in literature. Alas! the greatest sensibility to poetic beauty, and the most careful workmanship afford no security for a result like this, and Mr. Church, who has done some admirable literary work in prose, must be content with the delight verse-making has afforded him, and with the pleasure his highly-accomplished

art is likely to afford to friends. We are chiefly struck by the delicacy and finish of the few poems he has now given to the public, and we are struck also, in some of them, by a faint echo of Lord Tennyson, partly due, perhaps, in these instances, to Mr. Church's choice of the "In Memoriam" metre. There is a picture in a little poem called "Accident" of the way in which we cherish hopes of the future, before the hour of darkness comes that lays them low, which it is not possible to read without being reminded of the Laureate. The most charming poem of the volume is in memory of a little girl, and here Mr. Church writes in his own vein. Throughout, the verses have their source in reflection; not in passion, and the subjects chosen are such as Keble might have selected. Most of the poems, it is stated, appeared originally in the *Spectator*.

Poetical extravagance is frequently the mark of youthful versifiers, who do not know that thriftiness is as useful a quality in literature as it is in life. In *Poems*: by Phillips Stewart (Kegan Paul), there is a prodigality of diction and a luxuriance of metaphor which go far, we think, to prove that Mr. Stewart is a youthful writer. His pages are studded with the conventional epithets dear to poetasters of the school of Keats. The author of "The Eve of St. Agnes" was a great poet, but he is not one to be followed by versifiers whose ambition is stronger than their genius. Mr. Stewart's flowery verbiage has no limits. We read of lily faces and lily hands, of love, of silken tresses, of sapphire skies, of purple bubbling bowls, and laurel tears. For silver, too, the writer has such a liking that he sings continually of silver smiles, silver laughter, silver grass, silver waves, silver flowers, and silver light, and in one line, the meaning of which may be a little puzzling to prosaic souls, we read of "sapphire music's silver draught." It is astonishing how possible it is to fill whole pages with this kind of poetical ornament without producing a single poetical thought or a line of musical verse. When a writer indulges so freely in rhetoric, the presumption is either that he has nothing to say that is worth the saying, or that by some strange and temporary infatuation he has mistaken the pinchbeck of verse for genuine metal. This is, we think, Mr. Stewart's case; and if in the years to come he is able to prove his poetical birth-right, we shall not, despite our adverse judgment of his first venture, be surprised at his success. But before that day comes he has much to learn and much to unlearn. There is one poem, called "Evermore," which, though marked by the faults we have mentioned, is not without a true voice of song; and there is, perhaps, a promise for the future, although very inadequate performance, in the "Lines to my Mother" and in "Corydon and Amaryllis." Meanwhile, we recommend Mr. Stewart to be quite sure of the thought he wishes to convey before uttering it in verse.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain B. Fauran, master of the French barque *Ulysse*, of Marseilles, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to nineteen of the crews and passengers of the British vessels *Kapunda* and *Ada Melmore* after the disastrous collision between those vessels on Jan. 20 last.—The Board have also awarded a piece of plate to Mr. Alexander Winsor, master; and a binocular glass each to Mr. Arthur Henry Wright, first officer, and Mr. John Harult, second officer, of the Chinese steam-ship *Chin Tung*, of Shanghai, in recognition of the services rendered by them to the crew of the steam-ship *Madras*, of London, on the occasion of the wreck of that vessel off the Tai Chow Islands on Aug. 15 last.

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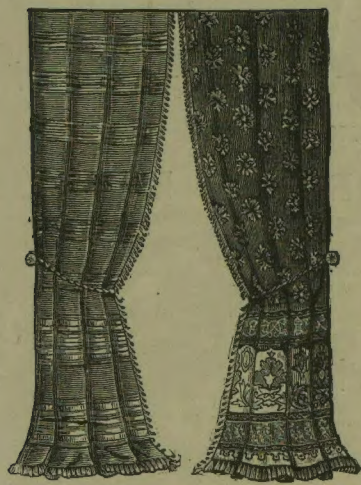
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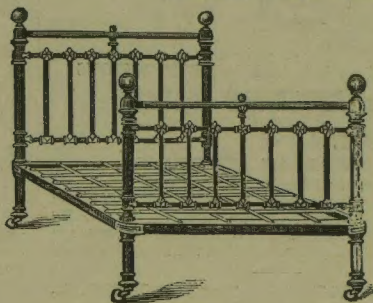
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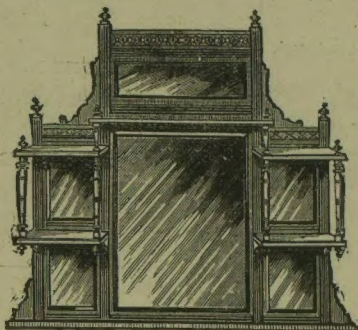
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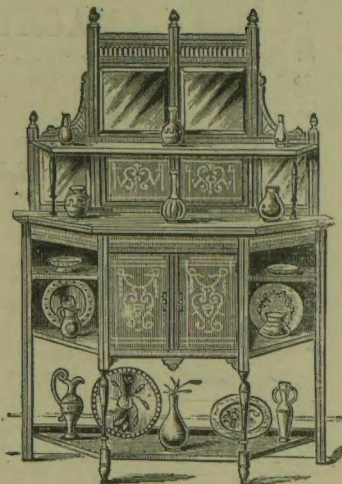
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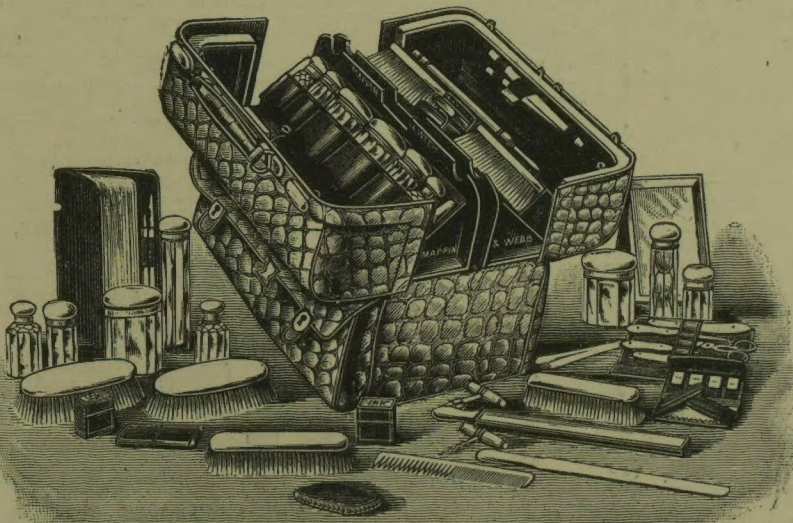
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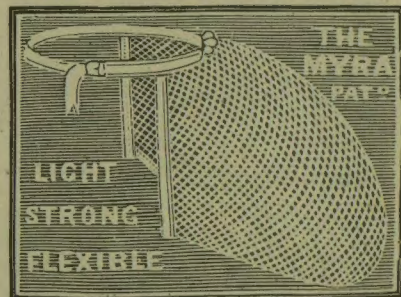


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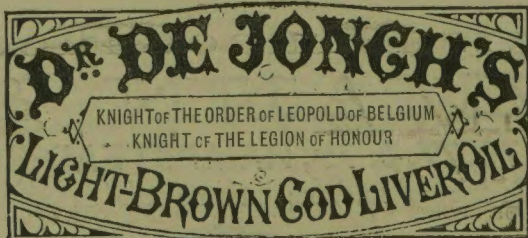
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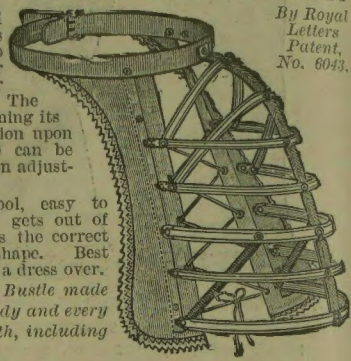
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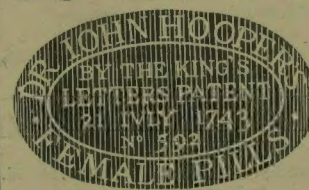
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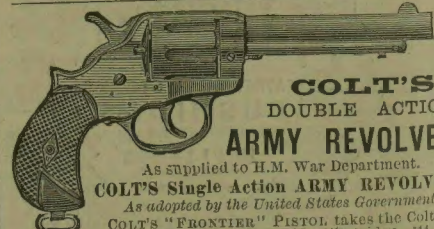


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